

THE
LAND OF ANTON.

PERFORMED BY THE
THEATRE COMPANY, N.Y.

PS8489
E6L3



1611

CANADA

NATIONAL LIBRARY
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

797

THE
LAND OF NAPIOA.

THE
Land of Napioa
and other
Essays in Prose and Verse.

By
Bertram Tennyson, Q.C.

THE SPECTATOR PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
MOOSMIN, N.W.T.

PS8489

E6L3

2055

Entered according to Act of the
Parliament of Canada, in the year
1896, by Bertram Tennyson,
at the Department of Agriculture

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Preface - - - - -	i
On Books and Civilization - - - - -	1
On Soap Bubbles - - - - -	11
Over the Ridge of the World - - - - -	17
In the Valley of Bohemia - - - - -	32
The Reinstatement of Sidney Ken- dal - - - - -	57
The Land of Napioa - - - - -	69
Blizzard - - - - -	81
The Outlander: A Vignette - - - - -	98

SPINDRIFT.

Canada to Britannia - - - - -	104
The Seasons - - - - -	108
Batoche - - - - -	111
The Northern Lover - - - - -	114

HEINWEH.

England to the Colonies - - - - -	120
The Broken Chord - - - - -	122
Heinweh - - - - -	125

Contents.

The Portrait and the Pansy - - -	128
The Ballade of the Lost Fairies -	130
The Sentry - - - - -	132
Broncho Days, - - - - -	134
Cumbrian Vales and Fells - -	137

ESSAYS IN VERSE.

The Long Dogs - - - - -	142
Plebeian and Patrician - - - -	145
Gordon - - - - -	149
Cacciaguida's Prophecy of Dante's Banishment - - - - -	152
Whip-Poor-Will - - - - -	156
The Mirror - - - - -	157
The Modish Maid - - - - -	158
Villanelle - - - - -	159
H. M. S. Calliope - - - - -	160
Epilogue - - - - -	163



I have to thank the editors of Baily's Magazine, The Toronto Week, The Quest and The Moosomin Spectator for their courtesy in allowing me to use articles already contributed to their journals. Other articles were contributed to the now defunct New England Magazine.

I owe the Indian Legend in the beginning of the first essay to an author whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, but I take this opportunity to acknowledge my indebtedness.



ERRATA.

On page 80, fifth line : For "Phoebus" read "Phaethon."

On page 32, last line of third verse : For "Ned" read "Nab;" also in last line of page 137.

On page 130, ninth line : For "Set" read "Yet."

PREFACE.

In putting this little volume of essays before the public I am not actuated by any misconception of its merits *per se*. Those who attempt literature in Canada—amongst whom I hope I may be numbered—are but as labourers in the vineyard; outriders of the king to come. This young giantess, Canada, flinging her adolescent limbs from sea to sea, as yet lacks a voice; such a voice as Shakespeare's is to England, Dante's to Italy, making those countries articulate amongst nations. In this we are not alone. The United States has not yet found its voice; it would be presumption to predict it never will, but it is a long time in finding utterance. We are homogeneous (setting aside our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen, who, it is more than probable, will find their own point of view) more at one than the heterogeneous population of the United States.

There can be no doubt that the great man, be he poet, philosopher, statesman or artist, does but gather up the links forged by many forerunners, and passing them through the fire of his genius welds them into one enduring chain. The

labourers are forgotten ; the master workman remains. This being so it may be pertinent to enquire wherein lies the unknown labourer's reward ? The answer is simple. In the satisfied feeling of work well done as far as in him lies, the sense of having taken one step forward to the desired goal. It must not be forgotten also that the artist's (even the inferior artist's) chief necessity is to create, even though the creation be faulty.

Among the foremost of these labourers in the cause of art it would be an injustice not to remember one, Archibald Lampman ; indeed he may rise to far higher things, for he is, I believe, still young, and has, we may hope, many years of usefulness before him. It is most regrettable that owing to the absence of paying magazines in Canada, and, perhaps, to an indifference to good work among our own countrymen, he is driven to enriching American (as distinguished from Canadian) periodical literature ; thus in a sense being lost to us.

In venturing on the above remarks in regard to America I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is true they have not yet developed any great masters of the plastic arts, or of literature, though we must not forget Edgar Allen Poe, in his own pecu-

liar line, and, perhaps, Elihu Vedder in his ; but in the realm of practical science it is only necessary to mention Edison to hail a giant amongst men, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, than whom there is none more competent to judge, lately referred to Daniel Webster as "perhaps the greatest forensic figure the world has ever seen." They have the masters hand, but where is the master's voice ?

In calling a division of this work "*Heimweh*," I would not be understood as disparaging the country of my adoption. It is a magnificent country capable of producing a race of noble men and women ; but, in moments of depression especially, the mind is apt to fly back to the scenes of youth, when, time having smoothed all asperities away, the land of one's birth, seen through the vista of years, often takes on sunlit hues which are, perhaps, mere phantasy.

There has been some very foolish writing upon the unfitness of our surroundings here in Canada to produce poetic art. Wherever mankind is with its joys and sorrows ; wherever nature spreads her changing panorama of sky, field and flood, there will be a theme for the poet. Nature is not at fault, but perhaps the seer

is yet wanting. "Every man sees in nature that which he brings eyes to see." Nature is indeed a divine palimpsest re-written by the hand of man, underneath which scrawl a mystic writing may be traced by honest study. Some critics seem almost to lament the lack of great national disasters, the absence of great wars, as if the drama of life and history were only unfolded to furnish a theme for the poetaster. Canada too has had her wars, not perhaps of world wide importance; there has been no shaking of dynasties, no tumbling of despots from their thrones; but if the poet desires a subject for martial verses, the smallest skirmish will as well afford him thrilling incidents as the most earth shaking of Marathon's or Waterloo's.

In Canada, if not in the whole of the modern world, the practical powers of the mind are often developed at the expense of the imaginative. Whether this atrophy of the fancy is a necessary concomitant of the increase of the practical power, it is not within the scope of this article to discuss; but the fact remains that the cultivation of the imaginative powers is neglected.

The race for wealth and position is not all in all; let us sometimes pause in the

grateful shade of wayside fancies, to renew our courage for the fray, and wipe the dust of the world from our parched and blackened lips with the sweet waters of forgetfulness ; so at least we shall not always be hard and unlovely men and women.

There is one thing missing for which the people of a new country are not responsible. . Not for them the romance which hangs round ruined castle and breathes from historic battle fields ; their steps are not forever on an empire's dust, nor does the twilight of history half discover and half conceal a gorgeous pageant of past.

BERTRAM TENNYSON.

MOOSOMIN, March 1st, 1896.







ON BOOKS AND CIVILIZATION.

“Letters are and will always remain altogether the noblest of the Arts—the one Art, perhaps, with which society could not by any possibility dispense—our very thinking in daily life having taken literary form, and some kind of reading being really as necessary to us as bread ; whereas a civilization deprived of music, painting, or the drama is at least conceivable.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.”

There is an Indian legend, which bears, however, intrinsic evidence of modern origin, to this effect : In the beginning the Manitou made three men, of what colour history sayeth not, and bringing them to the bank of a turbulent river commanded them to plunge therein. One leapt instantly into the water, another hesitated a little before trusting himself to the wild waters, the last lingered on the bank ; but plunged at last. The first came out a white man, the second a red Indian, and the third a negro. Whether

this curious difference in colour arose from the fact of the mud at the bottom being stirred up we are not informed ; but it seems probable. Then, the Great Spirit produced three parcels, one a great one, one medium sized, one small, and, thinking some reparation due to the negro on account of his sable skin, offered him the first choice. Greedily the negro seized on the largest package and found therein, the spade, the mattock, and the hoe ; from whence it comes that his descendants have been slaves and servants unto this day. The next choice was given to the red man, who, undeterred by the negro's misfortune, chose the next biggest of the number, and found therein powder, shot and the implements of the chase. From that day to this, therefore, his children have been nomads and hunters, averse to peaceful and settled pursuits. Now the white man was left with Hobson's choice, and he, picking up the smallest parcel with some trepidation, opened it and found—and here the acumen of the race who invented the legend is well illustrated—pens, ink and paper. From whence it comes that the white man is lord over the red and the black whenever they come in contact.

We do little honour however to our greatest benefactors. Caxton's name is only

mentioned in Hume's History of England in a note of two lines, and that note only illustrative of Lord River's generosity, not in commendation of Caxton. The divining rod (which whoso findeth ruleth the world) was hid in the hoard of the Niebelung's gold; but Hagan sunk the treasure deep in Rhine stream and with it the wonderful rod. And Kremhild smote off Hagan's head and the secret was lost. But there came another from the Rhine land and he it was who again discovered the rod, forsaking the treasure for the magic wand, and the divining rod, by the transmutation of the centuries, altered in form but not in potentiality, sways the world now in the form of author's pen and compositor's stick.

How lonely one feels sometimes, as one finds oneself agreeing with the old, bitter jest that one's acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but one's friends would find ample room in the pulpit. Yet, for my part, I have other friends, my books. Their introduction costs but a small initial sum, thereafter nothing; they are grave or gay as I choose; they take not umbrage at me, if I cut them, but rather open out to me more and more; they put no stern interdiction on my pipe, on the contrary, the smell of tobacco is good for them;

they expect not evening dress and torturing collar, but are fully content with my most ragged dressing gown ; nay, they even condescend to come to my bed chamber audience. They are my courtiers, my jesters, my councillors—nay, oftentimes my censors ; but with a grave sedateness of manner that carries no sting with their reproof. I, even I, the man of no account, unknown to the breath of fame, finding fortune but a harsh step mother, can, when I will, through the magic of the printing office, sit among the gods and bid them discourse.

With what disgust do I review my surroundings sometimes: the mean wooden tenements ; the noisome back yards, foul with cabbage stumps and other nameless horrors ; the snow melting away from the black and greasy streets ; the cheerless flat of the surrounding country, with here and there a clump of fire blasted aspen poplars standing forlorn and dismal in the snowdrifts ; yet I have only to seek my lodging and there, on a rough wooden book shelf, stand my beloved books, as ragged as Falstaff's army, but with what hearts of gold ! I take one down, and straightway the snowdrifts of the icy north melt away while I roam through the Elysian fields or sit in the courts of Kings.

How they carry civilization with them

into the wilds, so that the dweller at the foot of the Rockies or the missionary in savage Africa, can walk in fancy through the streets of Rome, bask in the sunshine of the Mediterranean littoral, or hear the cheery Yoicks! forrard Awa-a-ay!! in grey December, when the woods are yet wet with the morning mists, and, led by some trustworthy and well-known whinper, the hounds crash into chorus as reynard steals away. You remember, too, Bret Harte's exquisite concert :

"The fir trees gathered closer in the shadows
Listening in every spray
While the whole Camp with Nell on English
meadows
Wandered and lost their way."

It is strange how little touches of civilization affect one in out of the way places. A passing cow-boy hums an air, from the "Mascotte" let us say, and straightway the mind flies back to the days when we yet walked on "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

Apropos of the "Mascotte" song, to what strange places does the influence of civilization spread. I remember, some years ago, "I dare not say how many, but not many," when I was but a stripling, I remember, I repeat, going up the River Gambia, on the West Coast of Africa, to a place called McCarthy's Island (strange Hibernian name in barbarous Africa!)

many miles in the interior. The primeval forest came down to the very edge of the muddy river up which our gun vessel made its way, and wherein sported the graceful hippopotamus and the bland crocodile. On reaching our destination I, (who already fancied myself a philosopher) leaned my arms on the poop railing listened to the monotonous drone of a tom-tom from a neighbouring village, gazing pensively at the rolling stream and and sombre forest. "Here," said I to myself, "at last have we come where the trammels of civilization are unknown. Here we shall see man in all his primitive freshness, ignorant of the vices of older peoples."

As I thus communed with myself an object caught my eye floating on the turbid current.

It was, an empty bottle of Hollands gin, and observe, floating down (it couldn't well float up, against the current, for that matter, but, anyhow, down) from even further regions of the unknown. The sight of that gin bottle affected me almost to tears; remember it was empty.

It was evident that the missionaries had penetrated even thus far.

After that it was possible to conceive dusky matrons guarding black but comely

damsels from the approaches of needy fortune hunters in breech-clouts, and intriguing for the favourable consideration of the sons of ebony chieftains.

All this story has recurred to me because I saw a bottle of gin just now. Scent, too, is a wonderful key to unlock the cells of memory. The scent of wild roses always sends me wandering down a lane in the far north of England; the passing waft of perfume has bridged the gulf of years with a single span; the mountains stand clear cut against the evening sky, outlined on that wonderful sunset green which was never yet on painter's canvas, and mirror their shadowy bulk in the lake below. I can hear the ring of a rowlock as someone rows across the lake and mark the V shaped ripple at the stern of his boat. Hark! A dog barks at a farmstead up on the mountain side; all this during the brief period of a passing odour. The smell of an onion, too; but pshaw! I wander from my subject which, was "Books," was it not?

McCarthy's island! To come across the place in the remoteness of the Gambia was like picking up a bottle of Dublin brown stout in the Sahara, and the sound of its name like the tinkle of a banjo in the Vale of Tempe. The vulgarity of intense modernity impinges,

nowadays, the aristocratic conservatism of remote antiquity, and Tommy Atkins swaggers through the streets of Cairo and a slouch hatted Mashonaland policeman—lately enrolled from the ranks of the Gaiety Mashers—has some dim recollection of the Queen of Sheba as he sits by his camp fire in the ruins of Zimbabwe ; even here, on our own prairies, the tennis net is spread where the wandering redman erstwhile pitched his teepee, and the apparition of a modern young lady, in fashionable garb, in the track where the wild herd thundered, reminds one of a rose blossoming in the eyeless socket of a bison skull.

In spite of our boasted advance, however, there are still lessons to be learned from wild and savage races. The Zulu is as remarkable for forensic ability as he is for courage in battle—where by the way, he exhibits many of the tactics of the Romans ; the Kroomen of West Africa, too, have long ago arrived at a system of government which our own socialists sigh for in vain. The tribe is governed by the Elders, and the rule as regards property is that no man shall acquire more than a given maximum—in cattle I presume. Should he do so, in defiance of the laws, he is, on discovery brought before the Elder, and, on being

found guilty, sentenced to divide his surplus amongst the deserving poor.

Another tribe, whose name I have forgotten, allow their public orators to speak only so long as they can stand on one leg ; a rule which might with some advantage be introduced into some countries nearer home, and, if it should result in our most distinguished legislators being noted more for strength of leg than strength of lungs, the loss to the country might not be so great after all.

However we may admire the virtues of savage races, we still cling to a belief in our own advance, which has been very real, and which has been largely brought about by books. Books have brought down the inspired idea from age to age unsullied, and free thought, free speech, free press, have let the light into the dark places of the world and struck the shackles from the slave. By means of books we converse with the wise of all ages and benefit by their most carefully considered and weighty thoughts ; by means of printed matter, too, man gets in touch with man and old prejudices and abuses die away ; above all, books teach divine philosophy. "Philosophy," says Seneca, "is not a theory for popular acceptance and aiming at display. It is not in words but in deeds. Its vocation

is not to help us to spend time agreeably, or to remove ennui from our leisure : it moulds and fashions the mind, sets an order in life, directs our actions, points out what ought to be done and to be left undone ; it sits at the helm and guides the course when the voyager is perplexed by dangers on either hand. Without it none can live undauntedly, none securely : Every hour there occur countless things which call for counsel, and counsel can only be found in philosophy. Some one will say : What good can philosophy do me, if fatalism be true ? What good can philosophy do me, if God directs the world ? What does it avail, if chance is in chief command ? For what is fated cannot be changed, and against uncertainties no preparation is possible. Either God has anticipated my purposed plan and settled what I am to do, or chance leaves my plan no room. Be each of these, or all of them together, true, I reply, philosophy is our duty : Whether destiny constrains by an inexorable law, or God is Judge of the universe and settles its order, or chance irregularly impels and confounds the affairs of man, philosophy ought to be our safeguard. It will encourage us to obey God willingly, to obey fortune without yielding ; it will teach to follow God, to put up with chance."*

*Introduction to "Epicureanism" by Wm. Wallace, M.A., translated from Seneca Epist. II 4 (Ep. 16).



ON SOAP BUBBLES.

It is well to ruminate over the dead cities of the past; to pace the streets of Pompei, so silent now; and imagine the time when they thronged with eager life. No man with a soul can stand in the vast arena at Rome and not feel his blood stir and the "goose flesh" creep down his spine as he seems to hear the famous "Ave Cæsar morituri te salutant," and sees in imagination the thousands of lustful faces lean from the high stone galleries.

In this remote land the traces of the peoples who lived and loved and struggled before us have faded from the face of nature like breath from a mirror, and nearly all our interest is in the mysterious To Be.

It is not without interest to watch the

social development of a little town like Woodville, ramparted round with dulness, set in the silent prairie, and condemned to a hopeless monotony; where art, music and the drama are practically unknown. To the observant man, in spite of these drawbacks, the rise from the primitive time when we all drank out of one keg together to this more conventional day is not without its lesson, for this handful of human beings, far on the wind-swept plains, represents in its own way the great world in miniature. Here we have the same much ignorance and rare wisdom, the same foolish loves, the same tortuous ambitions and social aspirations. Mrs. Wholesale Merchant takes the *pas* from Mrs. Retail Merchant as a duchess takes precedence of a countess, and the same arts are employed to elect a town councillor as are used to appoint a Cabinet Minister.

We get our politics, as do most other peoples, from the newspaper, and discuss the question of the hour in bar rooms in lieu of clubs. For society news, we discuss the man who got on the spree last week, why Mrs. Blank lost her servant, and the last new case of infantile measles. Our chronicles do not even aspire to the dignity of small beer; they are but milk and water, and yet they are, after all, as

important in the long run as the last divorce in high life and the newest turf scandal.

"It is a mad world, my masters," let us blow our bubbles with the rest, for they all alike are soap and water and burst sooner or later.

"I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of woman's eyes,
—The poet's cherished laurel,
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they all are bubbles."

The ways of a little town like Woodville become more and more conventional as time goes on and we fall more and more into line. The world was hardly astonished when, at our annual races, a certain Comte de X appeared on the scene with a liveried footman behind his carriage; but this was merely a flower of french fancy; a blossom born to bloom but for a day.

This greater-conventionality is due to the women, who love set rules of conduct. Before their advent into this wide country men broadened out into a distinct individuality, and recovered that originality which was hitherto forced into a groove in the older countries. We most of us know hundreds of youths in England apparently

cast in the same mould, saying the same things, wearing the same clothes, frequenting the same places, worshipping the same actresses, and generally occupying and enjoying themselves in the same old foolish fashion; blowing soap bubbles in fact. But that will all be changed as soon as one of them gets on the prairies, and the man as he is will soon peep through the rents and tatters of his former manner as his elbows do in fact show through his ragged coat. We can all remember some typical case of a tenderfoot just emancipated from school or college and *blase* with a six months' experience of London Music Halls. He was wont to say, and he ought to have known, that he possessed a thorough knowledge of life; he told us he avoided women, who were all false; he believed in the honesty of no man, and was wary of sharpers; nevertheless he was easily imposed upon, and for the first year he paid extravagantly for everything. His outfit was gorgeous; but his beautiful clothes were soon replaced by ragged overalls, and his full dress consisted of brown duck, wide white hat and Mexican spurs; and as he rode down the principal thoroughfare, ensconced in a huge Mexican saddle, beneath the combined weight of which and the rider his cayuse staggered, he

was a sight to make his mother weep. From this weird garb he was wont to burst suddenly, as a butterfly from the chrysalis, into spotted waistcoats of splendid dye and the high white collars of Masherdom when the fancy seized him and the much despised women were about; but he still retained, to crown the edifice, his cowboy hat, regarding which it was an article of faith with him that the brim should be looped at the side with a horse shoe nail. He was a laughing stock to that wideawake bird, the old timer, yet, when he caught the ways of the country, he was disdainful of new comers; he could smoke nothing but Egyptian cigarettes when he first arrived; he was easily content with a plug of chewing tobacco in a short time; he had frequent bursts of homesickness, and longed for his brandy and soda or his bitter; but in a short time "Forty-rod is good enough for me, and I'll take it straight, thank you." He was quite confident he could shoot flying with the splendid revolver he had bought in Bond street, though he had never tried, and he instructed new comers in that art with great gravity, and he cherished a wild idea that he could sit a bucking broncho, but his friends had no share in that belief. His species is almost extinct, though

a few specimens might, perhaps, be caught in the recesses of the Elk Mountain even now, and I am given to understand that there is quite a herd in the foothills of the Rockies and about the ranching country.



OVER THE RIDGE OF THE WORLD.

Spring came tardily this year of Grace 1893, after a long hard winter. On Sunday, the 7th of May, there was little sign of green grass as I strolled past the mill, which lay gasping in great slow breaths as if it panted after the exertion of the past week. In the little tree clumps north of the town the willow buds were just beginning to sprout, and I stretched out my hand to pluck one, but drew it back again, unwilling to break the promise of a single blossom after so many months of sterility. Three days later I was in the train steaming across the monotonous alkali desert which lies to the west, between us and the "Ridge of the World," as the Indians sometimes call the Rocky Mountains.*

The journey is one that all the world takes nowadays, and a description of my own journey would seem superfluous were it not that I travelled under exceptional circumstances. Ten and a-half years of unbroken residence on the

*This is only hearsay, and may be a mistake caused by the East Indian name "Roof of the World" for the Pamirs. If not, the coincidence is a very curious and surprising one and worth investigation.

plains, just topped off as it were by almost six months of winter, should leave the mind of any one not totally oblivious to the aspects of nature singularly open to impressions. Add to this the fact that the writer is of singularly unsocial habits at times, apt to turn away to consider the wayside flower at his feet, when the crowd rushes agape and headlong to see the mountain peaks, and it is likely that at times he may stumble on something, perhaps of little importance, but, it may be, hitherto unobserved. Moreover, to leave the impersonal, it so happened that I entered the train garbed, as the British tourist loves to travel, in shooting coat and knickerbockers. The effect of this was that as I made my way down the aisle of the Pullman car the ladies averted their looks as from one improperly dressed, and from amidst the circle of men I heard the ominous word dude, (pronounced "dood"), as my nether integuments came into view.

From the hollow where the town of Calgary stands the snowy peaks of the mountains just show here and there like tents upon the low hill tops, and it is not till you rise out of the shallow valley of the Bow and Elbow rivers that the long range of hills comes fully in sight. The approach is not imposing. The action of

the great internal forces of nature has tilted the range upward on the eastern side, leaving it rooted to the west, and the exposed cliffs of brown stone that face the plains look like mud banks streaked with snow. It is not till you have advanced some way into the mountains that you realize how applicable is another name given them by the Indians. They call them "The Hills of Life and Death," for, say they, it is to these lofty crests that the departing spirit wings its way, and, pausing to take breath before a stronger flight, looks backward on its past life and forward to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

At Glacier, true to my singular views, the great glacier pleased me but little, seeming but a dirty heap of snow; yet one little incident charmed me. On the tables of the hotel were great heaps of golden flowers of most sweet perfume, and feloniously extracting one I carried it to the hotel clerk and asked him its name. "I do not remember its Latin name," replied he affably; "but it is a lily and only grows where the avalanche has been." Now who would care for the Latin name of a flower with such poetic instincts? The hotel clerk had the root of the matter if he had forgotten his erudition. And talking of avalanches

reminds me that they call them snow slides in the mountains. Now I am quite willing to admit that many terms peculiar to this continent are necessary and enrich the language, but here is one that distinctly impoverishes it. A snow slide may mean the descent of the winter's snow from the roof of a wooden shanty, but an avalanche is a different matter. The word is from the Swiss *patois*, originally derived from the Latin *ad-vallam*, to the valley, through the old French verb *avaler*, which means, literally, to descend, and therefore the word avalanche means to descend to the valley. Snow-slide conveys no such meaning in itself and is, consequently, a vastly inferior word.

Past Glacier the avalanches hang impending over the valley, and the sides of the mountains are scarped with a thousand wounds, till the bones of old mother Earth are bare where the torrents of snow have cut swathes through the pine forests. Mount Sir Donald and the Hermit stand opposite to each other and hurl their bolts to the valley, and the avalanches lie about the bases of the hills strewn with the ruins of noble trees; but the golden lily springs in the track of the destroyer. You only catch glimpses of the twin giants, Mount Hermit and

Mount Donald, as you glide from one snow shed to another, and in these long, dim corridors the sparkle of a lantern here and there apprises you of the ceaseless vigilance which watches over your welfare.

I have not spoken of the Kicking Horse Pass over which Mount Stephen towers, giant amongst mountains, nor of the famous trestle bridge. Their surroundings are picturesque and grand, but terrifying, and chiefly to be admired when left behind; but after the roaring rush through the Albert Canon the growing greenery and milder beauties of the Thompson and Frazer rivers is a relief from the snowy, mud-brown mountains destitute of the purple heather which forms the chief glory of the Highlands of Scotland. Not but what the Frazer has terrors of its own, as the train gliding round impossible curves and trestles "where the porter of the Pullman car could shake hands with the engineer," heels over like a boat under a smart breeze, making you stagger down the aisles like a landsman ungifted with sea legs; but the mountains now are clothed to their summits with forest green, the breath of the ocean-born breezes fans your face, and as you approach the coast the track is fringed with ferns, the trees

are forest monarchs, the streams are alive with trout. You are entering a new world where the blizzard bloweth not and the wild rose hedges the lanes after the snow has fallen on the prairies.

How shall I speak of the rival merits of Vancouver and Victoria? I have good friends, both old and new, in either city to whom I owe a debt of ~~gratitude~~ not to be told in idle words. Suffice it to say that if I desired a place to live in I should choose Victoria; and if I wanted to speculate in town lots I should do so in Vancouver; but as circumstances will not allow me to do the one, and the lack of money debars any speculation in the other, I am not called upon to decide.

Unlike "Stout Cortez upon a peak in Darien" I was not struck dumb with surprise at the first sight of the Pacific. To say truth the harbour at Vancouver, though an excellent anchorage deep and landlocked, capable of holding a navy, does not remind one of the sea, but, rather, of an inland lake. It is all the better for this from the point of view of safety; but it is not the sea. Nor is the Sound any better, as the discharge of the Frazer sadly sullies the water. The "Narrows," however, are beautiful with the thousands of wooded islands and little hamlets nestling to the water's edge. A

school of grampuses spouted and rolled round the entrance of the Narrows and a seal lifted its mild countenance as we entered; a nesting eagle flew across with a branch in its claws, and thousands of herrings silvered the calm water with tiny splashes; from a wooded bay a Siwash canoe slid out with its high prow like the beak of a miniature Long ship of the Vikings.

The first sight of Victoria reminded me strongly of Genoa; why it would be hard to say, for the latter is a city of white stone; but a nearer inspection dispelled the illusion. Victoria has no narrow, dark streets with only a strip of blue sky overhead, and the only real working goldsmith's shop I saw was in China town. The accusing knickerbockers had long been discarded, giving place to Jerome's "cylindrical bags;" but I was near falling into as great an error here as on my first introduction to the railway train. As I hurried up Government street towards the hotel I was painfully aware that something was radically wrong with my costume. Suddenly the dreadful truth flashed across me, and dashing down Trant's alley, I hastily turned up my trousers at the bottom and re-emerged into Government street in the full dress of fashionable Victoria.

It was almost certainly "raining over in England," and I had come very near blasting myself forever in the eyes of society.

Victoria was green with gardens and lawns and sweet with lilac blossoms; but far sweeter and gayer blossoms are to be seen every day in Government street. The breezes of the Pacific are as certainly the cause of the roses of maidenhood as they are of the blossoms of the hedgerows.

They had three days' horse racing at Victoria while I was there, and the first day I passed very pleasantly in the pine woods with a party of children, gathering moss to decorate the theatre for a coming amateur performance. After we had filled our bags with moss we repaired to a little wayside inn called, I think, the Half Way House, but just as probably the "Golden Lion" or the "Blue Boar." Here the elders regaled themselves with shandygaff and the youngsters with ginger beer, till the electric car, gliding through the pine woods, obligingly paused a moment for us, and then carried us swiftly into civilization.

The next day at the races proper I made one of a crowd of woebegone sportsmen watching an unexciting procession of three gallop twice round the half-mile

track. Had it not been that my friend's dog cart was horsed with a polo pony, who objected to electric cars, (which are "frequent and painful and free" in the environs of Victoria,) and that the roadside ditches are deep, the day would have held little excitement. As it was, the imminent danger to one's neck was exhilarating if nothing else.

The mania of land speculation has, I suppose, in great measure passed away, but the spirit is still there. Wandering one day down Government street I dropped into a real estate office and began to examine the map of British Columbia. To me there came shortly a prosperous and affable gentleman, who, observing my gaze fixed on the delineation of the district of the Okanagan Valley, became at once communicative. He looked me up and down and sized me up as a Britisher lately out. He enquired how long I had been in the country and I answered, truthfully, two weeks. He further enquired how long I intended to stay and my reason for being in British Columbia. I answered both questions truthfully and categorically—one week and the chance of some trout fishing. Seeing the drift of his thought and recognizing a photograph on the wall to be that of Harrow cricket team, I

drew attention to it with the remark "I see you have a photograph of the Harrow eleven." He rose at the remark like a trout to a favourite fly. "That is the eleven my son is playing in; he is at Harrow. Were you at the last cricket match?" "Well," I replied, "I have been to several and I hardly thought it worth while this time." Hardly, considering I must have crossed the Atlantic to see it; but of course he was in the dark. That last remark settled his hitherto, perhaps, doubtful view of the situation. He appeared to ponder deeply for some little time and then delivered himself thus: "It would be a great pity if you left this country without seeing the Okanagan district. In fact, let me see! Yes, there is not much doing in the office at present, and, if you like, I can take a run down with you and show you the best parts." Of course I thanked him for his kindness and declined to take advantage of it. "Not at all, not at all," he replied; "business is slack here at present and I should be glad to go with you. In fact I have some property there myself which needs looking after." I had thought so before, but this added strength to my convictions. "You are very good," I replied, "and I shall be very glad to accept your offer. The fact is I have

heard a good deal of this district before."

A pleased smile played over his countenance as he responded: "What, are they talking of the Okanagan over in England?" "Well, hardly that," I replied, "but the fact is I have been ten years in the North-West, and"—. His jaw dropped and a look of imminent business crossed his face. "Excuse me," he murmured; "but I see customers who must be attended to." We shook hands, and he vanished. For some time afterwards I stayed examining the map, and as I made my way at last towards the door he happened to be standing in close proximity. With great politeness he opened it for me, and as I passed him a faint smile flickered over his face, which was echoed in mine. So must the Augurs have smiled as they passed each other on the streets of Rome.

Turn down one of the little alleys in China Town close by the big Joss House, and turn to the right or left, and for anything you can see to the contrary, you might be in Pekin. The blue-coated, pig-tailed Chinamen swarm everywhere, the odour of opium is in the air and the clink of copper coins comes from the gambling houses. From the theatre sounds the discordant bray of Chinese music, and within the sad-faced Oriental

sits smoking innumerable cigarettes, turning a face of impenetrable solemnity to the stage, on which fantastically attired actors make long set speeches in a shrill unnatural voice. They say these plays are largely religious and ceremonial and one can well believe that they are not farcical. If they introduce religious ceremonies into their theatres they make up for it in their temples where you might almost hang your hat on the effigy of their god without adverse comment. The embroidery work of their temple screens is lovely in the extreme and the Joss sits enshrined in a blaze of colours which the Chinese understand how to blend if we do not. Leaning against the altar with my hat on my head in imitation of a Chinese friend, I listened to a story connected with a huge and uncouth weapon something like an overgrown brush hook. It appears that the god came down from Heaven and put the enemies of the Flowery Kingdom to flight with this trenchant blade; but whether the tale be true or not it was evident that my friend from whose lips the story came had very little faith in it. He delivered himself of the history in fluent and grammatical English, but in the depths of his shrewd almond eyes a little imp of scepticism lurked which

winked at a small demon of unbelief in mine. At the very feet of the god himself, however, it was as well to keep up appearances, for you never know what may happen and the big brush hook looked dangerous. We never keep up appearances in Christian countries in order to "hedge" of course; but in that strange eastern temple with the scent of the burning Joss sticks in my nostrils, the silent shadows of the attendant priests slipping past me and the black bearded god gazing stonily at vacancy above me, while his subject purred to me softly of old time days of miracle and wonder, my fine, wholesome, Christian intolerance of all other creeds save my own was temporarily shaken.

From the incense heavy atmosphere of the heathen temple to the sunshine of the sea coast is a change indeed, and there is one little bay in the island which is, I believe, in its own way, the most beautiful in the world. On one side of Shoal Bay a mass of moss-covered rocks, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high, tumbles to the sea, with here and there a few pines starting from its crevices and near the seaward end a noble manzanita all aglow in the sunshine. A little old fashioned farm nestles amidst its orchards on the flat and a green lawn slopes to-

wards the water, to be lost in a thicket of wild roses and sweet briars through which a winding path leads you to the beach and the cool, deep, green water of the bay. On the day I was there a laden schooner was beating seaward to the blue water, beyond which the range of the Olympian hills showed clean cut, blue and beautiful, with Mount Baker to the southward lifting its lofty crest clothed with everlasting snow. The air was clear from the Pacific and odorous with pine. Only the least little ripple lipped the white sand. It was all the beauty of England and Italy in one.

Alas! Fate, the inexorable, with his attendant minions the coloured porter and the conductor, is ever ready to waft us away on wings of steam from the fairest scenes, which, put in plain English, means that my time and money were spent and it was time I was back to the dollar mill.

Once out on the plains again I became aware of a new car which we had picked up somewhere in the mountains while I slept, and a brief quære to the coloured porter elicited the information that it belonged to a private family "towering" from "Noo York," and as I was anxious to see a real American girl I laid in wait in the smoking room of the Pullman and awaited developements. I was not kept

long in suspense for shortly there stepped on the platform an American young lady as we are taught to know her in novels. She was fair, she was fragile, and one alone of her rings must have contained at least twenty diamonds of great brilliancy and apparent value, the oval setting whereof reached from the second to the third joint of her delicate finger. As she came out on the platform the cold breeze struck her and she wrapped a shawl round her shoulders and exclaimed in that high nasal tone which seems to come, as Rudyard Kipling tells us, from the dome of the skull, "Gee Whizz! Ain't it cold!" And that is what we of the western plains will be saying six months hence when the roses are blooming on the far-away Island of Vancouver.





IN THE VALLEY OF BOHEMIA.

AN INTERRUPTED DREAM IN AN ATTIC.

I returned to my rooms, or, to put it more correctly, the attic of which I was joint proprietor with Akenside, about eight o'clock one summer night after a long day's work at the S—office. All was dark as I opened the door. I had to kick the lower panel to facilitate my entry, and it was evident that Akenside was from home. Home is a queer name to give that crazy attic away up under the stars; but it was all the home we possessed while we waited for that problematical fame which seemed so long in coming.

Having stumbled over the coal box, and nearly upset Akenside's easel, I eventually found the match box on the floor and lit the lamp. The room, with its slanting ceiling and uncarpeted floor,

seen by the hazy light of the lamp, the chimney whereof had not been cleaned for a month, looked but cheerless after the comfortable office and well lighted streets; but I was in high spirits, for had I not that afternoon met the wealthy and famous B—— (noted for his kindness and liberality to those at the foot of the ladder), who had invited me to a conversation that night?—After months of squalor and the companionship found in taverns and music halls (not that I wish to disparage Akenside—good old chap—there never was a truer comrade), I was once more to enter a brilliant drawing room, hear the soft music of women's voices, and see the jewels glisten on the snowy bosom of beauty, enter into the conversation of men of my own intellectual endowment, and rub shoulders with the powerful and wealthy. I, the half-starved litterateur, the follower of Henri Murger, was about to fancy myself a rich Philistine; nay, no doubt, I was to partake of a bountiful, a luxurious supper.

Pondering pleasantly over these matters I drew from my pocket a small parcel containing a white tie, a pair of silk socks, and a pair of white gloves. I gazed on these superfluities (bought at the expense of my dinner, for was I not to have a supper fit for a king that

evening?) with delight, and foresaw my triumphal entry into halls of dazzling light. To my surprise and relief I found water in the broken lipped and handleless ewer, and I knew where a white dress shirt, belonging to Akenside, had lain wrapped in newspapers for many a week. I felt a soft and soothing joy at the reflection that my dress clothes had been rescued from mine uncle's about a week previously, during a period of brief and almost unexampled prosperity consequent upon a rare and^d confiding magazine editor; dress clothes still perfectly respectable, if not of the newest cut, which had come into my possession before my father died, and I——, well, it is no use raking up old stories about a young fool.

Having found my razor in one of Akenside's boots, after a protracted search, I propped a small triangular piece of looking glass against the lamp and proceeded to flay myself alive.

How well I remember the room at that moment. Akenside had evidently been, what he called putting things to rights that afternoon. Tidying up with him meant slinging all the clothes and things generally strewn about the floor into the one cupboard, on to the shelves, and under the beds. He had also that even-

ing been dining on fried sausages washed down with beer, and the broken viands of the feast still graced the festive board that was innocent of tablecloth. His empty tumbler, with a piece out of the rim, as if some thirsty soul had taken a bite out of it in his eagerness, stood on a copy of "*La Vie de Boheme*"; "*Rabelais*" and "*Clarissa Harlowe*" lay together on the floor; on the bookshelf Sheridan's plays stood in friendly juxtaposition with Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," and the "*Essays of Elia*" shouldered "*Tom Jones*." Daudet's "*Sappho*" almost hid Akenside's Bible from view on the bed, and "*Thomas a Kempis*" reposed on one of the chairs and a volume of Congreve on the other. Akenside had evidently been dipping into "*Zimmerman on Solitude*," in order, no doubt, to support my absence before issuing out for his nocturnal rambles, and the thick volume lay open by his plate propped into a convenient angle for reading by Ruskin's "*Sesame and Lilies*" and the mustard pot. Many of the books in the room did not enter into Sir John Lubbock's list; but they were precious possessions for all that. A half finished picture stood on Akenside's easel, and rough but spirited caricatures covered the low walls of the sloping roof; tubes

and brushes lay everywhere, and the lay figure stood in an attitude of scientific self-defence against the cupboard door with a Turkish fez on its head ; the room had not been swept for some time, and tobacco ashes and burnt matches mingled with old slippers and books on the floor. How different from the scene I was about to see, and I chuckled softly at the thought.

After having, with excruciating torture, removed the stubble from my chin, I paused a moment and considered where to look for my dress clothes ; but thinking was of no avail, and I proceeded to rout out the cupboard. No dress clothes were there ; but I extracted Akenside's shirt, and having carefully tied my white tie I further proceeded to don my white stockings and patent leather shoes. The shelf produced no good results, and with growing distrust and horror I got down on my knees and looked under the beds. Nothing but Akenside's violin case, a few dirty shirts and an old sock or two. Then I became frenzied. I turned over the contents of the cupboard and the shelf again ; I even looked into the coal box and under the pillows and beneath the mattresses, but with the like result—nothing. As I stood in despair in the middle of the room, amidst a chaos of

miscellaneous articles, of which coal formed a large ingredient, my gaze lighting on the book shelf, beheld there an envelope. With the vigour born of despair I darted across the room and seized the missive. It was addressed to "My trusty and well-beloved cousin" in Akenside's handwriting. I tore open the envelope and pulled forth—a pawnbroker's ticket for a suit of dress clothes.

I burst into a torrent of expletives, until, the ludicrous side of the question striking me with sudden force, I sat down on the bed and roared with laughter till the attic rang again. Here was I, having surreptitiously abstracted Akenside's one clean shirt, anathematizing him for pawning my dress clothes. The fact is no especial blame could be attached to Akenside, for, in our easy philosophy, the presentation of the pawn ticket was a sufficient guarantee of good faith, and we had both often been guilty of the same trick before, with far less disastrous effects, however.

I reflected ruefully on what I had lost ; but of course could not but perceive that Akenside was ignorant of my invitation that evening. The wearing of dress clothes was very rare indeed with me, and with Akenside even more so, seeing that on the very few occasions on which he wore

the evening garb of the gentleman and the waiter he borrowed my plumes. There was no help for it ; Akenside was probably spending the proceeds of my clothes in joyous and unholy revelry with similar minded convives, and I had not even the satisfaction of helping him to spend the money. Nothing now was left for it but to submit to the inevitable ; and, attiring myself in an old pair of trousers and a ragged smoking jacket, a relic of palmier days, I sat down and made my supper off two cold sausages and some flat beer.

My sumptuous repast ended I lighted a big pipe, and, turning out the light, I threw open the window, through which the moonlight poured, and putting my feet on the window sill prepared to enjoy the fragrant tobacco. Before this, however, I prepared for the festive Akenside by slightly opening the door and propping the basin, half full of dirty water, between its top and the wall.

The hum of the city rose to me, myriad-voiced, where I sat. Over the crowded roofs and grotesque chimney pots my gaze leapt to where the moon rode through the sky.

"A weary traveller through the realm of night
With service to be done."

The battlemented clouds below the luminary of the night with their deep,

unfathomable shadows, and high, white lights, seemed the border range of some mysterious land far away beyond the ken of mortal man. Just over the tallest cloud peak a star gleamed like a beacon guiding the wanderer home, and that melancholy longing which seizes us all when we gaze at the illimitable, crept over my spirit. Gradually the multitudinous sound of the diverse throng died on my ear; roof and chimney, sailing moon and heavenly cloud mountains faded from my sight, and I fell asleep.

Methought I stood without the garden of my youth and the gates shut to forever. From the mountain slope where I stood the sun was visible just above the horizon, and all the valley below lay in shadow; but even as I gazed the sun's great orb rose majestically, dispelling the mists of morning, and the busy hum of men came up to me where I stood. Downward I turned my steps along a straight, white, descending road to join my fellow mortals in the strife. But a little while and I came to a fork of the road spanned by two great arches, the left hand one of fair white marble, veined with blood-red streaks, the other built of brick and stucco. The latter stood open to receive all travellers, and along the arch ran, in letters of gold, "The Road to Success

lies Here;" but the former was guarded with strong gates, and a giantess, helmed, and armed with a great spear, stood thereby. On her shoulder sat a blinking owl, and her eyes were serene yet awful; and the arch above her bore this inscription:

"Here enter not, smug counter jumping elf,
Here thou shalt gather neither lands nor pelf,
The smooth faced hypocrite's not valued here,
Take thou the other road that leadest where
The foul mart clamours if thy heart inclines
To gain the world's high places; Philistines
Here enter not; the bigot has no part
In our communings; life, and love, and art
Sway not to fat bank balances, nor seem
To those who dwell herein an empty dream.
Take thou the right hand gate
Thine is another state,
The world's strong thrall
Of gold is all
About thee: e'er too late
Take thou the right hand gate.

"Here enter ye who worship at the shrine
Of art, and love, and song, the spell divine
Of beauty, heaven descended, draweth thee
To join us here, the summer sun shall be
O'er all our revels; true we all grow old
And there's no fuel stored against the cold.
Yet, while we may let beauty reign supreme
Youth comes but once, life's but a passing
dream;
Who knows but in our dreaming we may light
A beacon for the wanderers in the night;
All those the sacred fire
Has touched with high desire
Come in, come in,
Leave the world's din
To those who in the mire
Know not the sacred fire."

And even as I read the last lines the goddess stretched forth her spear, and lo! at its touch I hastened forward, and the great gates swung apart.

The valley lay before me partly enclosed

by three great mountains, partly by a high strong wall, in which were gates of peculiar construction. For those within the valley, it was possible to gain the outside world either by throwing open the gates by main force or by sleight of hand; but once outside, it was impossible to re-enter. Comfortable, sleek looking burghers sometimes peeped through the bars, disgust and amazement on their faces, and others there were who pressed their faces against the gates and looked with a touch of regret at the revelry within. For revelry there was of every kind. Sunny glades were there, and many a gay pavilion, over which floated the flag of Spain and from whence came a sound of music and dancing. There were also dismal swamps, reeking with miasma, and bordered with gnarled trees, heavy with hoary moss. In their gloomy shade, here and there, walked a solitary figure, but the vast majority lived in the sunlight.

As I threaded my way through the gay walks, I became aware of two curious circumstances. The universal language was one, strange indeed to my ear, but perfectly clear to my understanding, and the faces of nearly all the inhabitants were familiar; nay, men and women I had hitherto only dreamed of, passed me, or

were passed by me, every moment. That *dame de comptoir* must be Becky Sharpe, and the gallant she is flirting with, as she serves him with a glass of Rhenish, is none other than d'Artagnan in the uniform of a mousquetaire of the Guards ; that small dark man who stole away just now, after having deftly explored my pockets, (and who is now reciting a ballade to an admiring crowd), is Villon, villain and poet. Falstaffe sits at the door of yonder inn talking to Master Shallow, and shaking his fat sides ; Dante goes by, alone amid the throng, and Shelley lectures on vegetarianism beneath the shade of a pleasant grove. On the slopes of the Mount of Knowledge sit

“ Plato the wise and large browed Verulam,
The first of those who know,”

And he who wrote those lines, late come, but largely welcome, sits with calm eyed Shakespeare, Milton, blind no more, but far-seeing as his soul, and many an eastern mage ; Horace is deep in conversation with Omar Khayam ; and Lamb is jesting with Montaigne.

Opposite the Mount of Knowledge, and across the valley, is the Hill of Liberty, steep with precipices and scarred with the lightning. Above it the thunder clouds gather, and there are many climbing its strait sides. Sobieski, and Kos-

ciusko, and Czartoryski; Catour, Mazzini and Garibaldi, Leonidas, and Marco Bozzaris the Suliote, and Byron, spent with excesses, but striving upward still. And there are not wanting others: Zwingle, and Luther, and Melancthon, Coife the high priest with his lance, and Huss, and bitter Calvin.

Beyond all, the prop of heaven, clear cut against the blue, unreachable, immaculate, untrodden by the foot of man, unstained by the flight of centuries, untroubled by the storms below, its snowy peak glittering in the sun, towers the Mount of Truth, alone with Eternity and the Infinite.

Near one of the great gates I beheld a graybeard, who held forth unceasingly in a strong Scotch accent to an ever increasing crowd. Outside the great gate, listening, with but little attention, stood a crowd with familiar faces, and, as I looked more attentively, I saw that those outside were indeed familiar to me, being none other than mine own contemporaries in Canada, many of them high in power. Seeing them, I pressed forward through the crowd to greet them, but arrested my course as the speaker's voice became articulate to me. Thus he spoke, and all, perforce, listened.

"Is democracy a creed outworn? A

question, no doubt, quite unspeakably foolish to most people, yet, to a few, a matter of some importance, nay, a question, perhaps, of the most vital sort to all persons, tho' coming within the purview of only a few. The democracy of Athens was not rightly a democracy, a ruling through the votes of the many-headed, at all, but rather an aristocracy. An aristocracy, if you will, of right citizenship, of intellect (which is individual power), but still an aristocracy indubitably. Democracy, rightly understood, sprang into being through the pen of Rousseau in the "*Contrat Sociale*," to be baptized in blood by the French Revolution, and from that time onward to be the ruling spirit in social life, gathering, as it goes on, ever increasing impetus, carrying us with it—whither?

"This young hobbledehoy giant of Canada of yours, flinging its adolescent limbs from Atlantic to Pacific, has many troubles before it; but also a great opportunity. Consider how, in these days of universal knowledge, education of the masses, public schools, and what not, the history of the world lies open for its enlightenment; for examples to imitate and ineptitudes to avoid; chiefly the latter truly, but not altogether so. To nations, as to individuals, comes the hour

when the Sphinx cries 'Whence?' inarticulately at first, more loudly and clearly as time goes by. With nations now in their dotage or strong manhood you have no manner of business whatever; but your own 'whence?' and 'whither?' is a most momentous matter. With nations it is as with individuals. Can they read the riddle of Destiny, propounded by the Sphinx? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance: - 'Knowest thou the meaning of this Day?' Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws.

"Here, in this half chaotic new country, man is again face to face with the hour which comes but once, 'for that hour man is free and master of his Destiny.'

"The question then arises, shall we let it slip by unnoticed, and in the same no-way wander on to become involved in the same nineteenth century labyrinth in which the older nations wander; or shall we, taking thought betimes, taking warning from the mistakes which have been, face the future with a new front?

"Viewing the land then with philosophic eye, we see a very army of the Practical Workers mainly, not Thinkers, perhaps, altogether too few of these latter.

The struggle is for life and the necessities of life, in which world-battle the more graceful arts must seem but futile, the jewels and gewgaws of life principally these products of the Thinker, not the plain substantial homespun for protection against rough weather. Yet to the right making of even corduroys is there not a mind wanting, without which all were vain stitching and idle snipping of good cloth?

"A very army of Philistines fills the land, therefore, strong armed and of equally strong common sense, the scouts of that great Anglo-Saxon army, a Hun-like horde, which seems destined to overrun the waste places of the earth ; deserted at least of all but unproductive barbarians, redskinned or otherwise. A great advancing tide of civilized whites, sometimes *not* civilized, but so naming themselves, pressed onward and outward by natural laws upon which it reasons not, obeying only the command, ' Flow on,' till prairie and mangrove swamp, Canadian prairies and equatorial jungle growths, acknowledge the hands of their masters and smile back at them from fields of red fyfe and coffee.

"Reviewing this situation then, and recognizing some necessity for government, we may rightly ask ' How, then, is

this governing to be done?' In the old way by party, doubtless once necessary, nay, good and right; but how appearing now? Perhaps worn out and not useful—nay, unthinkably obstructive.

"Is it to be party government then? The government of the vestry board, of which that at Westminster is at once the type and highest known form of idealization; but notwithstanding that, still a vestry board, with its petty quarrelling over personal interests, its bumbledom and its self-seeking, in which self-interest stands first, and, *facile princeps*, adherence to party next, and, last of all, nigh hidden and oftenest quite forgotten, comes love of country; if indeed we are to count this last as an appreciable factor at all, and not rather something much talked of, but in reality non-existent. In this connection it is not without value, nay, rather of the utmost moment, that we enquire, 'Who is to be our Ideal man?'; to what does every individual look as the highest type, towards the realization of which every nerve is to be strained, every thought subordinated? Is it to be the red face and white waistcoat of the idealized corner grocer, conveniently blind to the sand in the sugar, but loudest in his responses in conventicle, chapel, or epis-

copalian edifice, to whom there seems but one goal in life easily symbolised thus—
\$—whose very act, and thought, and function is ruled by this huge Sindbad old man of the nineteenth century, the omnipotent golden calf before which all men bow the knee?

“Does he of the white waistcoat and most decorous broad cloth’d respectability profess friendship for any man? be sure that he has calculated the advantage to his own most respectable self; does he give in charity that he may be rewarded hereafter? or rather that he may be recompensed in more substantial manner (to his thinking) by the filling of his till here? Does he cleave to any political party? be sure he seeks a sinecure. Does he not join himself to that congregation which comprises most worshippers, not because its numbers argue the greatest truthfulness of that particular view of Christianity, but because the greater number of fellow-worshippers on holy days the greater the influx of customers on week days for sanded sugar and shoddy cloth? Does not the great Mammon God, brooding in vast bat-form overhead, quite blot out the view to this Man-fearer of, One higher and, therefore, far withdrawn? Take thought that ye who boast emancipation from all ideals—as vain en-

deavours—that, in your hard-headed common sense ye do not fall hopelessly mired in the bog of utilitarianism, and that when your time comes, as it surely must, to read the riddle of the Sphinx, ye fall not a prey to the teeth and claws, which haply befalling you, no white waist-coats, bank accounts, nor church attendances shall in anywise serve as protective armour; but otherwise, as a mesh to your feet, as ye turn to fly from the open jaws.

“Thinkest thou O man of much faith, to make thy way black-coated, large stomach'd, lip-serving heavenward. Nay, rather, weighed down by bank balances, company shares, and what not ephemeral trumperies, thou goest oherwhere. The mystic symbol ~~S~~ shines to thee in the shadow of the ~~bat-winged~~ Mammon as the Roman eagle to the legion, the Cross to the early Christian. Thou fool! the wild Bohemian in the midst of his tobacco smoke and empty beer pewters, does homage yet to some ideal, were it but some pagan worship of beauty; but thou hast set up a big gross man, fat-faced and smug of aspect; him thou hast placed on pedestal of ledger and day book, and so placed contentedly worshippiest. Truly with thee ‘God is the Brocken phantom of self, projected on the mists of the non-ego.’”

A peal of thunder rolled from the hill of Liberty, the audience scattered in dismay and faded from my sight, and I awoke to find the moon down, the city asleep and silent, the attic plunged in cimmerian gloom and Akenside cursing in the darkness.





THE REINSTATEMENT OF SID- NEY KENDAL.

Some of the incidents of this story I witnessed myself ; some the chief actor told me himself ; and some of the facts I have gathered from others. I cannot pretend to tell it in all its beauty, adorned with the flowers of rhetoric, and other things, with which Kendal embellished it when he was half seas over, for I am more at home with a marlinspike than a pen, but as I am in for a yarn or a song, here goes !

Kendal had got off on one of his periodical sprees, and instead of getting decently drunk at the club like an officer and a gentleman, and boarding the ship at night when only the officer of the watch and the quarter-master at the

accommodation ladder would have seen him, and the sentry would have helped him to turn in, he chose to wander in strange places, break his leave, and finish up at the "British," an inn of no repute.

He chose also to fall asleep on the high stoop leaning over the railing, and awoke in the morning to find himself standing on his head in the street outside, and had it not been for the special providence which watches (rather immorally one would think) over the wanderings of the squiffy, and the thickness of his skull, a coroner's inquest, arms reversed, the "Dead March" in "Saul," and three volleys over his grave, would have supplied the place of this story.

As it was the fall annoyed him so excessively that, espying Joe the half caste Malay boatman, as he gathered himself together, he chose to fix his misfortunes on that individual and incontinently went for him. Joe was no slouch with his fists either, but Kendal was one of the strongest men in the service and a demon to cross counter. Joe caught him a fair facer with his left as he bored in on him, but Kendal's right landed across him all the same on the point of the jaw, and Joe went to grass a disorganized heap entreating Massa Kendal for mercy.

A truce was thereupon patched up on

the basis of an interchange of clothes, which had a sufficiently ludicrous effect, as Kendal had commenced the evening before by going to a gold lace ball at the Admiral's.

Whither Kendal afterwards strayed that day he has divulged to no man; got astray in the "Brook" or the "Kloof," perhaps; but while the ship's company were fallen in an evening quarters a frousy individual, in whom the skipper but just recognized Kendal, stumbled on board and saluted the quarter deck. The Captain called a midshipman, who carried a message to the officer of the watch, and Kendal found himself under arrest.

At Division next morning the officer of the watch, the quartermaster and Corporal stood at the gangway to receive a half caste in a lieutenant's full dress uniform, clamorous for Massa Kendal and his own proper rags. The ship's company was in ecstasies, the junior officers grinned, the skipper was like a lion prepared to pounce on his prey.

Kendal was a first rate seaman and had influence somewhere, but he was getting too notorious and a court martial followed.

The last I saw of Kendal, for that time, he was going over the side in plain clothes

as we were striking upper yards and top gallant masts in a howling south-easter, with the sky as blue as an Italian one. As a last insult to the authorities Kendal had shaved his beard and waxed his moustaches to a point, but I could see he felt the disgrace keenly.

Afterwards he drifted out of sight of all his chums, to re-appear after a couple of years in a highly original and creditable manner.

It was in this way. Kendal was a mighty good seaman and a reliable man barring his one failing; but he was no good unless he was in blue water. His people got him into the P. and O. running to Hong Kong, and he made several voyages; but broke out again, had a row with the old man whom he threatened to take up by the scruff of the neck and drop overboard, and found himself a drift in Hong Kong. After a miserable time on shore for a few weeks he got the billet of third mate on one of the Jardine line opium steamers running from Hong Kong up through the Formosa Strait and along the coast to Shanghai calling at Foochoo, Ningpo and those places on the way. She was called the "Urusau" I remember.

The company were not very particular how their officers behaved on shore, if they could handle a mixed ship's company

and look after a ship at sea. Kendal could do both these things with the aid of a handspike and his knowledge of seamanship, and they consequently valued him. They had no reason to regret their appointment after the third trip.

It appears they were in the strait one still, dark morning, the sea as level as glass and the coming day not yet tingeing the sky, with no sound to be heard except the throb of the screw, the steady scend of water from the cut water along the side aft to the boiling wake, and the morning watch just beginning to stir, with the sound of buckets on the deck and the occasional swish of a swab, for it was Saturday morning. The officer of the middle watch, just relieved, had one foot on the companion ladder to descend, and Kendal was taking his first breath of the morning watch. Suddenly the look out on the port bow yelled with that suddenness and intensity of expression which every sailor knows intimates imminent peril.

"Ship right a head! She's under our bow sir!" The telegraph jangled out an excited full speed astern, the wheel went hard a port in whirling circles, the officer of the middle watch bounded back on the quarter deck, when, with a grinding crash, the vessel ran alongside a lubberly

junk, and, locked together, the two ships reached ahead a little, and then, obedient to the backing screw, slowed down. The ship hummed like a hive and officers and crew came pouring on deck, when, with a chorus of yells like demons of the pit, half a hundred pig tailed cut throats surged over the gunwale and started to slash right and left. The men were but half awake, unarmed and totally unprepared, and fell an easy prey. There was some attempt at resistance, indeed, but not enough to make a fight. The first mate brained one scoundrel with a brass belaying pin and fell the next minute disembowelled from a cross stroke; the skipper's head jumped off from a slash from behind and the head literally spun into the scuppers. Morning dawned to find the ship a shambles, the scuppers spouting blood, and only one man alive out of the ship's company and that was Kendal. At the first rush he had, being on the poop to start with, been driven aft to the taffrail, and with the energy of despair he had run out to the end of the spanker boom and sat across it, frozen with horror, while the wholesale slaughter went on before his eyes, as the light grew, like some horrible nightmare. He was between the devil and the deep sea and as a last resort he determined to brave the latter.

I

He saw the last man fall, and was preparing to drop off the boom, when one of the misnamed celestials hailed him in the pidgin English to step down out of that. Kendal did not feel like complying till one of the ruffians threatened him with a jingal bullet, when he very wisely crawled in, realizing that he was in range as well in the sea as at the end of the boom. He dropped on the deck expecting the next thing he knew he would know nothing; but to his agreeable surprise found himself unmolested.

The reason was not long in being explained. None of the Chinamen knew how to work the engine and the ship by this time was going full speed astern in a circle, her rudder jammed to starboard, dragging the junk, which was leaking like a basket, with her. Before Kendal, who judged it best to obey the orders of his new masters, had time to stop the engines, the Junk went down alongside, pulling the steamer over with a strong list to port, and had the pirates not been very active cutting away with their swords she might have turned turtle. As it was she recovered herself with a heavy roll to starboard, which set the dead men rolling horribly.

The first glance Kendal got to seaward, after stopping the engines, showed him

two other junks, to which, to make a long story short, the pirates began, by means of the ship's boats, to convey the most valuable part of the cargo. When they had got all they wanted they took the two junks in tow of the steamer, put a couple of men at the wheel, and directed Kendal to go full speed ahead.

Kendal had been taught to reeve steam at Greenwich like all the rest of us, and though he didn't know much about the engine room he knew enough to keep her clacking and watch the gauges. As for the stoking they told off a dozen of the Chinamen to do it for him and he made 'em work. The ship might have been blown up it is true, through some oversight of Kendal's, but he said afterwards he "didn't give a continental if she did; if they had all been blown to hell together, he felt," he said, "his reception would have been a warm one, coming in such excellent company for the place."

He judged he had been stifling in that engine room about five hours, when the head pusher of the Chinamen stuck his head through the engine room skylight, and bellowed something to the amateur stokers who instantly jumped their job and tumbled on deck. There was a good stir for a while on deck and then Kendal

was ordered to slow down and come on deck, which he did. He found all the crew of the foundered junk packed into a boat hanging from the davits on the star-board quarter resembling what we should call a cutter in the navy: but I don't know the merchantman's name for it. All the other boats were sunk alongside or stove in and the land was in sight.

They told him to lower away and hurry about it too, and Kendal got the ropes of the boat falls in hands, kept a half turn round the cleats, braced his feet against the poop railing and started to lower away while the boat's crew kept their jingals levelled on him.

It is an extremely difficult thing for one man to lower a boat full of men, but, fortunately, Kendal was an extremely muscular man as I said before, and he felt that the least slip would be his death warrant, so he lowered away, but he was not so much occupied that he could not see one of the wicked looking Chinese swords, forgotten and lying on the deck within long reach of his right hand.

Well, you see, when a boat is being lowered there comes a time when the boat's crew can no longer see the men who are lowering away, especially if they are, as Kendal was, half sitting half lying on the deck to get a greater purchase

with their legs, and the moment those murderous gun muzzles sank out of sight Kendal braced himself, shifted the after fall to his left hand, and reached for the sword with his right. He says he kept lowering slowly all the time he was doing this, letting the falls slip through his fingers like the reins of a horse, and they burnt all the skin off his hand, for he dare not stop or let both go together, though his left arm was well nigh dragged out of its socket and the calves of his legs felt as if they were going to telescope.

He got the sword after an almost incredibly long reach and with one slashing cut severed the foremost fall between the blocks, dropped the sword, and hung on to the after fall like grim death. The jerk nearly pulled him overboard, but he held on somehow and the boat pitched bow down, spilling the whole rascally spawn of Beelzebub into the sea. The next moment he sprang to his feet, caught up the sword, and with five or six vigorous strokes cut the tow rope, while the boat's crew swept howling astern as the ship drew ahead at half speed, and the beggars on the junks, which had forged ahead when the ship slackened speed, potted away at him merrily. As he turned to make for the engine room he found the boss Chinaman had hung on to

the after fall somehow, and was climbing on deck with his sword in his teeth, and Kendal had just time to split his head like an apple before his hands were free to use his pig-sticker.

After that Kendal dived into the engine room, set her buzzing full speed ahead, and then tumbled up again, to spend a few precious moments in cursing the fast dwindling Chinamen in every language he could command, and he had special accomplishments that way as I remember, for, though he was no linguist, it is astonishing how quick a sailor man is in picking up the swear words of different nations. He only regretted he didn't know any Chinese, but he did his best and felt all the better for it, especially after he had finished up with a little Cape Dutch, which is a superior language that way and very satisfying when one is angry.

After that he began to breathe freely once more, and had time to look about him. He had had the sense to take a squint at the binnacle when the Chinamen set their course, and he knew about the time they had been running and the speed of the ship. He had been on a surveying ship on that coast, too, as a sub, and after a rough dead reckoning he judged himself to be about three hours

out from Amoy, so he had a look at the engine room, after setting a course from the chart in the deck house and lashing the wheel, and stoked up as much as he was able and came on deck for his trick at the helm.

Well, he laid hold of the spokes and felt so happy he started to sing "Rolling Home," all to himself, when against the evening sky he saw a thin spiral of smoke curl up from the open forehatch. He dropped the wheel and his song at the same time, ran forward and dropped below. The ship was on fire in half a dozen places.

This took him aback a good deal and he returned crest fallen to the wheel, and kept her steady quite mechanically for a time. The boats were all sunk or stove in by those devils, and the one he dropped had banged herself to pieces against the side, for the swell now began to rise a little, and he had serious thoughts of making a raft; but gave it up as useless. Besides he began to calculate he might just do it. There was no ammunition on board to blow her up as there would have been if she had been a man-of-war, and she was all right as regards the engine room and the after part of the ship. There was nothing for it but dogged determination and trusting to his luck; but

he wasn't the man to neglect his opportunities, so he hunted up some thin signal halliards, though the ship did go a bit wild when he left the wheel, and made them fast to the sluice valves and one to the stop valve or cut-off, or whatever it is that shuts off steam. He brought the ends up through the hatchways and skylights, and belayed them to one of the stanchions under the break of the poop, near the wheel, and stood by to await developments.

Well, you never could get him to say much about the next two hours, but he didn't sing "Rolling Home" any more and the fire gained on the ship till the upper deck was as light as day and the flames were trying to climb the foremast which was, luckily, of iron. He had pulled down all the windsails forward, but kept the stoke hole ones going, and he had tried to smother the fore hatch with a tarpaulin, and, at last, through the glare forward, he saw the lights of Amoy. It was then, he said, that his nerve nearly failed him and he came near fainting and he started to pray the first time for years, and by that, he said, he knew his courage had left him; but he held on like the true blue he was, for all he was a drunkard when the fit took him, and the ship closed on the lights all the time

while he spun the wheel and guessed at the channel.

Now it was that the most difficult time came, for he did not know what he might bump against if he ran her on shore, and the ship was all on fire forward anyhow, but while he was debating whether or not he should pull his rope and shut off steam the engines began to slacken down of themselves and he knew the boiler fires must have given out. That was the only piece of bull-headed luck that helped him, but it came at the right time; all the rest was sheer pluck and resolution.

Well, he jumped forward as far as he could or dared as the screw beat more and more faintly, and the ship came up the bay like a moving pillar of fire. He got hold of the lead and found bottom in twenty fathoms as far as he could judge; too deep for his purpose, and he held on a bit and at last got soundings in ten fathoms, and at that, he says, he sung out the soundings with none to hear him, in as cheery a voice as if he was coming up Portsmouth harbour in the old "Billy rough 'un," with four hundred feet of paying off pennant at the main, and the bumboats piled with green stuff and soft Tommy waiting to run alongside.

The engines by that time were hardly

moving and the ship was still wafting steadily along.

He went for his ropes, then, and pulled open all the sluice valves, and above even the roar of the flames he could hear the water pour in. It was not long before she slowed up and stopped and began to settle, not far out from the shore as it seemed, and he could hear people shouting and the ring of oars in rowlocks, sweet to his ear as the bubble of a spring in a thirsty land. He waited as long as he dared and then, as she began to settle by the stern, he sprang for the standing rigging, which fortunately was of wire and so resisted the flames, and started aloft as hard as he could leg it, as if he had fifty maintopmen behind him making the rigging dance. He was just about half way to the futtock shrouds when he felt the ship drag downwards, saw the flames shoot and waft from side to side, and then he was under with the sound of many waters ringing in his ears. He held on though he thought he would burst, until he felt a very slight jar as she took the bottom, and then he let go and rose to the top with a pop like a cork, got hold of some of the rigging, and climbed into the cross trees. She had sunk in five or six fathoms of water, and it was lucky for Kendal that the fires were out and the

water in the boilers cooling, or she would have blown up and Kendal with her.

Well, the sampans soon took him off and he was a great hero after he had told his story, and very drunk he was for a week at everybody's expense, and the owners rewarded him handsomely after they had raised the ship, which was not so much damaged as you would think, being an iron vessel. Best of all, though, was that the Admiralty did what they have seldom or never done before; that is reinstated him in his rank in the service, but at the bottom of the list of lieutenants of course.

About here this yarn should end if I had made it all up out of my own head, but, you see, I didn't, and there is a sort of sequel or moral, perhaps you might call it, which is, I believe, the correct caper, as our American cousins say.

Kendal kept all right for about a year and fellows used to like to hear him spin his one big yarn; but one Christmas night, when the ship was coming home from Halifax, to pay off, Kendal had the first watch. He had tucked into the champagne pretty freely at mess and the fresh air on deck didn't make him any steadier, and the fellows in the ward room, who had no watch to keep, were holding it down pretty lively and poor Kendal could just hear "Rolling Home"

coming up through the skylight, and it reminded him of the night on the burning ship, and he felt so comfortable he sent the midshipman of the watch, who ought to have known better and lied to him, down below for a bottle of burgundy, a wine of which he was particularly fond. It was a fine night and he took the bottle and a couple of glasses into the Chart House, and the midshipman of the watch helped him to drink it. It didn't hurt the middy, who had not been going it like Kendal; but with the latter, on top of all the champagne and punch and stuff, it was different and it went to his head. That made him sleepy, so he just lay down by the break of the poop and was snoring directly.

It was a fine night with only a gentle three knot breeze and the corvette under all plain sail; but I fancy the quartermaster and the men at the wheel must have had an extra tot or two, for with no warning voice to check them they got the ship gently aback. The midshipman of the watch saw it just too late and tried to rouse Kendal, but it was no go, so the midshipman, who was pretty smart after all, decided to turn her round on her heel and not rouse the watch, for he knew somebody in the captain's cabin or ward room would hear his voice and wonder

what the dickens Kendal was at letting his midshipman of the watch take charge. He roused up the men at the wheel and she was coming round like a charm, when the skipper, who was just turning in, glanced up at his tell-tale and saw that the ship was ten points out and going off fast.

He jumped on deck and in two minutes the stars in the firmament fairly shook.

Well, of course, there was no getting round being asleep on duty and Kendal got bounced pretty quick, and where he is now I don't know. Died in an opium den, perhaps, or reformed, married a pretty girl, turned sky pilot and took the family living. Either is equally likely in this incomprehensible world.

Hi! there, you youngsters, the fork's in the beam; you go and turn in. I'll tell you another yarn another night.





THE LAND OF NAPIOA.

“To the far-flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick-cloud shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn—in the offing—
And the line of the new-cut rail.
To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the grey lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm west western wind!”

—Rudyard Kipling.

Following close on winter's lingering death, the pasque flower, that pale har-binger of spring, appears, and the sight of its familiar blossoms amongst the sere and yellow grass, ~~is welcome~~ as the face of a friend in an alien land. Miscalled by most the crocus it is really an anemone, though its local names are many, pasque flower and wind flower being among them.

It, or its sister, is plentiful in the south of France, round Mentone and Nice, but there it decks itself with a braver purple.

It takes its name of pasque flower from thence, through its use in decorating the churches at Easter, the time of the Pass-over ; but here it comes too late for our festival.

There is a legend in some parts of England, according to Edward FitzGerald, the translator of the "Rubaiyat," to the effect that the pasque flower only blooms where Danish blood has been spilt, notably on the Fleam Dyke in Cambridgeshire ; on our wide prairies its blossoms count by millions, and the sides of the swelling hillocks are often a faint purple with the sheen of them ; if human blood is necessary to their production what rivers of human gore the forgotten Mound Builders must have shed. The legend accords ill with the anemone's beauty, yet their range of colour is from a rare, pure white, unstained as our snows, to an almost riotous purple ; where they stand, like Keats' wine cup.

"With purple stained mouth."

The pasque flower reigns alone for almost a month sometimes, but after, the other flowers following in a gay procession, outstare with their brighter beauties the modest spring blossom, which yet holds a steadfast place in our regard for its promise of the spring ; and when the yellow breasted meadow lark trills his still unfinished song from amongst the

lilac petals we know that the long, cruel winter is indeed dead, and hope and spring are with us once more.

Summer comes with her masque of flowers. With what infinite variety of colour the loving hand of Nature has spread her palette, mixing the colours so lovingly that though the hues be never so diverse yet they are always in accord. The colours made by man lack that unanimity, but the flowers are ever in unison, and no discord mars the poean they breath to heaven, unheard of mortal ears.

“Heard melodies are sweet, but those
unheard
Are sweeter,”
And the choir of flowers
“Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.”

The farmers' life, otherwise so hard, should be constantly solaced by its ever present touch with nature; here, in the city, we have only the ceaseless tick of the typewriter, the sharp insistence of the telephone bell, the reluctant foot of the debtor upon the stairs, in place of the meadow lark and the free air of heaven.

Come with me this pleasant summer morning. The bronchos are fed, and watered, and saddled, and as we trot gaily out of town the heavy spade bit and jingling Mexican spur make a pleasant musical

chiming. No reason to apply armed heel to quivering flanks, for as our steeds snuff the morning air, and feel the summer dancing through their veins, they stretch themselves in a rousing gallop, which soon takes us through the environs of our little western town out on to the prairie beyond. Leaving the black and winding trail we brush through the rustling grass, scattering dew drops from the rose petals as we go. A flock of wild ducks rise from a wayside slough, and a fox steals away ahead, followed by a rattling "Gone Away!" which quickens his gliding pace till he disappears over a rise in the ground, which shortly after opposes to us its green and grassy round, like the swell of a mighty wave, and on its summit we pull up a moment to take in the prospect and breathe our horses.

The morning air is still, for no wind has yet awakened, and from a distant farm house, tree-hidden from our gaze, a cock-crow comes, clear and defiant; we hear a dog bark very far away, and nearer at hand a farmer shouts to his team; the long shadows stretch away from the lately risen sun across the rolling prairie, and away in the distance in the long blue line of the Pipestone Valley. That is our destination, and, rousing our horses, we dash across the prairie towards it, through

a beautiful country gemmed with scarlet tigerlillies and golden marigolds, the campaign broken here and there by clumps of the universal aspen poplar, which give a park-like look to the scenery. An hour's ride brings us out on a vast and silent valley, which, doubtless, once, ages ago, during the subsidence of the waters, held a mighty river. Now the stream has dwindled sadly to a winding and lazy brook, fringed with soft maple and clumps of grey willow. From our place at the top of the bank the valley slopes sharply downward in one foaming, smooth cascade of snowy petals, broken here and there by an island knoll of tender blue flax flowers. Far below the brook loses itself in many a backward curve, here grey in shadow, there a sabre's gleam. What a lonely valley this has been for many centuries, lonely without any touch of habitude! A vast, and probably shallow, sea once covered all this land, which knew not the upper air, save through the floating shadow of an iceberg, or from some great boulder, plunging silently down from its melting ice vehicle through the mystic twilight of the waters. Slowly the land rose and the water drained off to the great lakes and the greater seas, cutting, amongst others, this great valley, which once held a huge and turbid river

to its brim. All the land, then, must have been a weltering chaos of mud, swept by rain storms, unlovely, lifeless, waste. Let the scientist tell, if he can, how it grew to the beauty it now presents, and has presented for many thousand years. Enough for us that its beauties are now spread for our delectation after all these years, during which the only sounds that broke its stillness were the bark of a fox from the hill, the peal of summer thunder overhead, the wail of a hawk poised in the blue. Perhaps, at long intervals, the wandering Indian pitched his smoke-stained tepee on its banks, or even roused its echoes with his war-whoop, and stained the waters of its stream with human blood; but, in the main, the valley has waited silently for the white man, and has garnered up rich stores for his behoof through many years; waited while two mighty old-world nations struggled for its possession, knowing it not.

The lengthening shadows, warn us to be gone, back to our fellow-men in the little hive of industry. The bronchos have had an idle time all day in the rich grass, and step out briskly towards home.

The almost inevitable result of a hot day is apparent. Huge and sullen and nigrescent the thunder-clouds are embat-

bled in the west, all fringed with fire from the setting sun, and moving nearer and higher with a slow majesty which is very awe-inspiring; but where we are the air is still serene, and the birds are not yet aware of the storm, which will soon send them to their leafy coverts and hush their song. A rice bird sits on a bulrush, his scarlet epaulets showing up vividly against his black uniform; a bob-o-link sings his evensong from a spray, and a yellow-throated meadow lark trills back responsive; a grey plover walks hurriedly away with mincing steps, walking delicately, like Agag, and bowing as he goes; the bittern booms his deep bass from a distant marsh; from overhead comes the warlike clariion of a passing flock of wild geese hasting from the wheat fields to their nightly quarters.

We have loitered, watching these many friends of ours until the storm is really at hand. The wind, which before blew gently from the east, now drops, and anon springs up again and blows stronger from the opposite quarter. We know that sign, and it hardly needs the muttered roll of the thunder, and the pale phantom of a flash, to make us rouse our horses to a hand gallop. The west is a sombre black, lit now and then by the lightning; the sun has gone down; but lo! there is

the exquisite blue of the east, as yet uninvaded by the storm, trembles a star.

Summer wanes and the woods are brave with scarlet and gold, but alas! the flush of autumn is but the hectic colour of a beauty doomed to death. Soft misty days of Indian Summer may come as the summer rallies for awhile, but the white death of winter creeps ever nigher, and the autumn days are done. Winter is here on the wide plains, and as night dons its dusky helm crested with stars far up in the north the watch fires of Nāpīoa are lit.

Winter on these western plains is indeed a grim Jotun, holding the world firm in his icy grip; bidding the streams stand still. All day a pitiless, cold, blue sky, and along the plain the drift of the upper snow like fine sand. As far as the eye can reach wave after wave of white, blinding snow, a shallow, silent sea. The birds, all but a very few, have fled long ago to the genial South; the wolf skulks far from the eye of man, or flees before his face, a swift grey shadow on the waste. But when night falls, mayhap, Nature uses her inexhaustible palette once more, and paints the heavens for us. It may be a vast bird broods over us, his wings—the feathers whereof are flashing with a crimson which man has never dreamed of—touching either horizon: a colour

which can only come from the heart of Nature herself throbs in the zenith : or, perhaps, the pale light in the North shows that the watch fires of Napioa are low as he sits by the embers and mourns for his vanishing children. Or again the bright and colourless flash is from the milk white arms of Gerda, as she lifts the latch of her father's door in gloomy Jotunheim : and yet again the pale shafts, tipped blood red, may hang overheard a portent of war.

Withal there is no pleasant sound of flowing water, no stir of wind swept leaves ; but in the added stillness of the night the drift of the snow is audible, and, perhaps, a startled grouse rises from its snow bed with a whirr of wings, or a white owl flits past, spectral in the snowlight ; a hare as white as the owl hops as silently away, and far off a wolf raises a long drawn melancholy cry. As the moon clears the horizon the northern lights fall back, and as she lifts on her upward way the double light from moon and reflecting snow plain, makes the night as clear as day.

Cutting the level plain two bands of shining steel appear, coming from illimitable East to boundless West, like the Midgard Snake, circling the earth, and growing on the silence, far and faint from the East comes a steady throb increasing

momently in volume. It is the beat of Thor's hammer, and as the sound increases and the rails begin to tremble and hum a bright eye appears in the distance, growing swiftly larger, till with a shriek and a roar, with flying mane of sparks, defiant of the frost, devouring the leagues, the modern Thor goes thundering past.

Who shall write the song of the Pacific express. It is the link that binds us to the world, the Civilizer which has brought the storied East to the wild West; by its means new friends have come, possibly to be intimately connected with our future lives; by it many have departed to be seen no more. Those things which are closely connected with our lives gather round themselves, however intrinsically ugly they may be, a beauty which is not their own. The old frigate or line of battle-ship: "Her tiering canvas, like sheeted silver spread," under full sail, "walking the waters like a thing of life," was the most beautiful thing that the hand of man ever constructed; but you may be sure the modern sailor—after he has lived three or four years aboard her, kept watch at night in her, drunk his hard earned grog and eaten salt pork in her, won through a score of tempests with her—loves his quaint ironclad colossus as well as any Jack Tar loved his

Victory or Arethusa. I fancy the engine drivers invest their charges with animal attributes as the sailor does his ship, the soldier his rifle ; I fancy they blame them aloud when they do not lay themselves out to their proper rate of speed, and commend them in tones of endearment when they have made a particularly fast run, or pulled an extra heavy load up a steep grade. I know that if I were an engine driver taking a long train down the Kicking Horse Pass, I should be very careful not to offend my snorting steed, lest haply it bucked me over into the river.

To city bred people of older lands than ours the railway train does not present itself as a thing of great beauty, and Mr. Ruskin was prepared to lay down his life before he would permit the abomination to pass through his beloved Cumberland ; but to us, with our one train a day, it is a different matter. We do not need Frith's picture to teach us the pathos of farewell. By the time we are old men and women the recollection of many a joy and many a sorrow will cluster round that hissing steam monster, till, through a mist of unshed tears, it will shine glorified.

Again the train steams slowly away and gathering speed becomes a mighty god once more. The frost Jotuns have no terrors

for him, the tempest cannot stay him nor the solitudes betray, he will not linger though hearts beat at his going, and sometimes in the recklessness of his pride, like the horses of Phœbus driven to madness, he will crash to his doom, burying himself and those with him in hideous ruin.

Beyond our flat or rolling plains the mountains tower to the sky, and up these our Thor must painfully make his way, carrying to our transmontane kindred, under milder skies, tidings of sorrow and joy, hope and despair: an uncouth messenger, but a swift one. He has seen the avalanches crashing, and his screams have flouted the crags; the pines have watched him in silence, and the torrents raced him in vain; the eagles regard him from their eyries and wonder, the mountain goat stands afar off; he has conquered the mountains in their fastness, and the rocks have not bewildered him; the barrier that nature builded has not withstood him, and the hill slopes are in vain. Westward he goes where the Mountain Jotuns wade knee deep in the sea, and the untrammelled waves kiss the green islands in the blue.



BLIZZARD.

The sky was as blue as an Italian one. Under foot the snow was beautifully white and crisp, even in the streets of the little town of Woodville. The air was as brisk as champagne, but a champagne that bit if taken in large quantities. The sleigh-bells on Stansfield's horses rang merrily as he drove down from the principal store, to pull up opposite the door of the hotel as the landlord in his shirt sleeves came hastily out and shouted :

"Say! Stan', are you pulling out for home?"

"Right away," replied Stansfield,

"Woa, mare."

"There's a woman going out to stay with the Moreton outfit," continued the landlord; "She'll be ready in two minutes if you'll give her a lift."

"Right you are," assented Stansfield;

"Get her to hurry up like a good chap."

The landlord returned to the hotel, and in a very few minutes a much bundled up figure was conducted out, introduced to Stansfield, and, after she had been tucked well in with the buffalo robe, the sleigh went gaily jingling down the Main Street and out into the open country.

The two said little, for conversation was not easy when the one had his fur collar turned up to meet his cap, and the other was well muffled in shawls.

Their way led through a pleasant, well wooded and settled country along a broadly marked trail for some seven miles, till they reached the Sandstone Creek, and that crossed they emerged on a wide, white plain, destitute of trees, which, however, was well known to Stansfield, who often crossed it. Here and there, but at rare intervals, a house could be seen in the distance like a strange shaped vessel on the wide expanse; now and again a flock of snow birds rose before the horses, wheeled and settled again. In spite of the cold it was a pleasant February day for the North-West.

But a change had come over the weather, a change not unmarked by Stansfield. A white haze, like a low cloud bank, had risen in the west, and the wind began to blow a little. Bye and bye the loose sur-

face snow began to rise and drift sharply, like fine sand, across their faces, and Stansfield urged his team with cheery voice, but somewhat anxious countenance.

"Is it going to snow?" asked his companion, lifting her face a little out of the enshrouding shawls.

"Oh! no," replied Stansfield, assuming a cheerfulness he did not quite feel. "The wind has risen a little and it makes the snow drift."

The wind increased and the air was full of flying particles that stung the face; the horizon became blotted out and once or twice Stansfield used the whip, the team swerved a little, and the high horse plunged in deeper snow as he left the trail.

Stansfield uttered an exclamation of impatience as he pulled the horses back on the road again, but the wind increased and in another ten minutes both horses were off the trail. Again Stansfield pulled them to the right, but this time did not succeed in hitting the road. He pulled up, therefore, and leaning down asked his companion if she would hold the reins for a time.

"I think I am off the trail a bit," he said with an assumption of carelessness. "I'll just get down and hit it off; the

horses will stand all right." He was away some time, and the woman was beginning to be afraid he was lost. when he loomed up suddenly quite close in the thick snow haze.

"Have you found it?" she enquired anxiously.

"No, not exactly," he replied, "but I know the direction," and he climbed in and started the horses again.

There was now no doubt that the situation had assumed a real gravity. The woman with him began to complain of the cold, and at length Stansfield decided to head the horses back, in order if possible to strike the creek, where comparative shelter could be found. He argued that as he was going south from the Creek when he lost the trail, the wind at that time blowing from the west, he could keep his direction to the north by keeping the wind on his left cheek. On one point he could not calculate, if the wind had changed in the meantime he would probably go as far astray as ever, but the chance of the Creek appeared to be the one forlorn hope left him.

For about two hours the horses stumbled and waded through the snow, getting weaker and weaker, while the woman at

his side alternated querulous wailings at the cold and despairing silence.

The snow flew thick as ever and the cold was intense; it was impossible to see farther than the horses' heads, and for this reason when they began to dip down a sudden incline Stansfield was quite unprepared with his numb hands to hold them back. For a moment he half hoped the incline led to the Creek, but he was quickly undeceived as the horses plunged heavily in the deep snow at the bottom of the ravine, and then fell on their noses. There was a sudden jar and crash as the tongue slipped from the neck yoke, struck the frozen ground and splintered in two. The horses regained their feet, half swung round and started to kick; the iron came off one end of the near whipple tree and the tug from the other end; the free horse started ahead and the off horse kicked his whipple tree in two. In another moment the reins slipped through Stansfield's stiff fingers and the team disappeared in the flying snow.

The situation had become desperate. The blizzard still continued to rage with unabated fury, the cold was appalling, the horses were gone and Stansfield was alone with a weak woman for a companion. One faint ray of hope alone remained.

The ravine, probably, led to the Sandstone Creek, and by following its windings, which were sure to be many, they might if their strength held out eventually reach the Creek. The only other possible alternative was to turn the sleigh box on its side for a breakwind, and lie down wrapped in furs behind its shelter till the storm moderated and they had a chance to look about them. Stansfield felt that under the circumstances his companion must be told of the two alternatives and given her choice, but the woman unhesitatingly declared for going forward. Stay in that dismal spot she would not and she was certain the Creek was near. Stansfield hoping against hope inwardly prayed for the sheltering bluffs, and, taking his companion's arm they started on their toilsome journey.

Try as they would however they could not keep to the ravine; walking along the bottom was impossible owing to the deepness of the drift, so they took the right hand bank, but even then they with all their determination and knowledge of the direction could not always face the blast; they must at times turn from it for relief except when the winding of the ravine brought the wind at their backs. The end was that they lost the ravine, as they had

the trail, and like strayed cattle went down the wind utterly and completely ignorant of their whereabouts.

But now the woman began to grow weary and to insist upon sitting down for a minute. This Stansfield in the utmost alarm strenuously resisted, but she tugged at his arm like a petulant child, crying that she was only a woman and could not walk as he did. At length she fairly slipped from his arm and sat down. Stansfield pulled her instantly and roughly to her feet, at which she flashed into anger and rallied for a time. But the fatal sleep with which the Frost King slays his victims was upon her, and she sat down again. This time Stansfield actually struck and beat her, but she would not be roused, only faintly moaned. In utter despair the man raised her in his arms and started forward at a run; in three steps he stumbled and fell, and when he let her go to rise again she slipped gently down in a snow drift with her head upon her hand, like a little child nestling in its cot, gave a gentle sigh, and closed her eyes.

Thereupon rose the most desperate struggle in Stansfield's heart which the mind of man can conceive. To stay with the woman meant certain

death to both, to go forward a chance for him, and a chance, one in a million, that he might shortly find a house and bring help to the woman. But then to leave a woman in dire extremity. Again he fell to cuffing and pinching her, as well as his half frozen hands would serve, but all to no purpose; again he raised her in his arms and went forward, more carefully this time; again he fell and this time she fell all abroad and helpless; she was either dead or on the border land. Stansfield looked at her for one moment, then started and arranged the sprawling limbs and ran from her wildly into the storm.

How long he ran, how often he fell, it is impossible to say, but he came to himself to find the storm gone down and the day on its decline. He stood alone in the vast white plain and scan the horizon as he might nothing was in view. Nothing. As for the woman she was not to be seen, but that mattered little, she was beyond all help from man.

The sun went down. the stars came out, later the moon rose, flooding the snow with a ghastly radiance, and Stansfield walked through the night. Morning dawned with a shudder, colder than night, in a long level band of amber and tawny red, and the stars faded away.

Still he walked and still the horizon was broad and blank. Stansfield was walking in a dogged way towards a terrace in the prairie which obstructed his forward view. Surmounting it he gazed on the surrounding country ; it was as blank as the sky above him. Then he fell on his knees with arms outstretched and prayed aloud in that vast wilderness to God the all merciful, the all powerful, to succor him in this his utmost need. The rising sun struck from him a huge shadow across the snow in the form of a gigantic cross ; the pitiless blue heaven looked down with an ironical smile on the solitary man wrestling for his life against nature in her most cruel mood. He rose again, and, with some sort of faith in him from the fervency of his own outcry, went forward paying no heed whither he bent his steps, with his eyes upon the ground.

As he walked thus he suddenly stopped, then went forward eagerly, for he had seen the tracks of a man's footprints upon the snow, leading in the direction he was then travelling in. Far different was his feelings to those of Robinson Crusoe at a similar sight. His heart was suffused with joy and gratitude to God, hope again sprang up in his

bosom, and he felt again the imminent presence of cheerful humankind and the warmth of houses. His eyes again searched the wild and still blank horizon, but though nothing was in sight, as ever, he knew, as every plainsman does, that the seeming flatness of the prairie was but an optical illusion and that many houses might be concealed in its hollows and ravines.

Taking this new guide, he became aware of the tracks of another man which led into the footprints he was already following. This sight confirmed his hopes, for, through his previous walk he was followed by a haunting fear that, perhaps, the footsteps he followed were those of some unfortunate, astray like himself. But now this was impossible ; this second track was confirmation strong as Holy writ, and he pressed forward with new energy.

He walked thus for about half an hour until he was aware of a third set of tracks leading into these he followed.

For one moment his heart bounded with even greater joy, but it was but momentary. He cast a swift glance right and left and recognized a small bunch of willow he had already passed.

He was walking round in an ever nar-

rowing circle, following his own footsteps.

It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling that wrung the poor wretch's soul. From being buoyed, as on wings, to Heaven, to be dashed to the greatest depth of Hell; Dante's frozen circle. For a space of time he stood mute, and then fell on his knees as before, and raising his clinched hand to Heaven cursed the God who had not only left him to die, but had added bitterness to his cup with that last drop of blighted hope; and the pitiless blue heavens looked down on the man blaspheming his Maker, with the same ironical smile as before.

He cursed his God, but did not lie down to die; the Anglo Saxon race are made of sterner stuff than that; he rose to his feet and stumbled forward, desperate, heedless of where he went.

The sun was now some distance above the horizon, and the glare from the white surface of the snow became intolerable. Stansfield felt little sharp pricks in his eyes, a premonition he well knew, so he drew his cap as close over his brows as possible, and, as it did not signify whither he went as far as he knew, covered his eyes with his hand as much as possible.

But now being unable to see he stum-

bled over small inequalities in the snow, and frequently had to throw out his hands to save himself from falling, necessarily constantly exposing his eyes, and the sun light stabbed them like a knife. Soon his eyes began to run with mucous, and shortly he was unable to open them: henceforward all was night.

Onward he went, often falling, sometimes running, having no account of time, or whither he went; while to his agonized soul came the conviction that he might pass within a few yards of shelter knowing it not. Hunger was dead within him; but he was consumed with thirst. Strange amongst abundance of snow this should be the case, but the verdict of huntsmen and plainsmen on this point seems to be unanimous. The small quantity of real liquid possible to take at a time seems to aggravate the thirst.

On, on, he went, minutes might be hours, hours days. He might be again walking in a circle or still farther out into the illimitable inane; and as he wandered thus, lost to hope, his hands frozen, his legs stiff to the knees, he heard the barking of a dog. He raised his tired head erect once more, and turned his sightless eyes towards the sound; he listened again. Yes! there was

no mistake about it, and hope but now forgotten once more reanimated the poor wreck of humanity. Strung to one last effort he started forward at a feeble run, fell, rose, stumbled and fell again, and rose no more.

* * * *

The little child awoke to find his mother bending over his cot to give him a good-night kiss. She was evidently going to some party for she wore a white cameleia in her glossy dark hair and jewels gleamed on her bosom and wrists. The little boy awoke enough to put his arm round her neck and catch the dainty perfume from her hair; then he fell back into the dreamless sleep of childhood. These are the little things one remembers through all the after years.

A little later the boy remembers his nurse dressing him in the cosy nursery when the younger children are in their cots. He has on his blue velvet frock surmounted with white lace, through which the blue shows bravely, and his fair head is crowned with a great golden curl. He is taken to the dining room, where he sees his father at the head of the long table, round which sit many gentlemen in black clothes and white shirt

fronts. The long mahogany table gleams under the light of the candles in the silver sconces ; fruit and decanters of ruby wine are on the table, and he is allowed to sit at his father's right hand. His father gives him a very little claret at the bottom of a wine glass and he gravely drinks to the health of his father's guests with a little bow. Then, after a few pleasant jests from the gentlemen, which he doesn't exactly understand, but takes in good part, he is carried off to bed sleepy, yet happy, thinking himself already almost a man.

Later still he can remember a high curtained bed, and a fire that crackles and flashes, making the old portraits round the room leap from the darkness and retire again, as if, indeed, they meant to step from their frames and in a moment thought better of it. Outside the wind whistles and howls round the corners of the house and the rain pours. A belated wayfarer's footfalls grow out of the distance, ring down the pavement, and fade away again, while the boy nestles down in the bed clothes secure in warmth and protection.

Again he can remember school with all its trouble and joys, and how on one

occasion, he, a child of ten, ran between the legs of long Evans as he came hurtling down the football field, and sent that five feet ten of muscle and good nature flying on his head amidst tumults of applause: the first applause of his life, and, perhaps, the most spontaneous. Nor are you forgotten grey old Alma Mater; the gardens of St. John's, the twisted columns of St. Mary's, the quiet quaintness of Turl Street, even the solitary lamp post which keeps Grove street inviolate from all vehicular traffic all, all are remembered. Many a time in some wide and ringing avenue of the new West, the young man has sighed for the sound of the rowlock on the river, the leafy solitudes of the Cherwell. To have been at Oxford once more he would have even braved the pernicious Proctor on his prowls. But these days are passed for ever.

Spring has come again and the chestnut trees hold out imploring palms to the tickle April sun, there is a shimmer of green on the birches, a delicate hint of spring, and the rooks caw in the tardy elms. As the young man passes through the wood the leaves of yester year are as a carpet to his feet. Soon he is past the wood and is on the open hill.

He stands at the top of a hundred or

more rude, worn, stone steps, up and down which a saintly hermit of old went twice a day on his knees. The young man looks out upon that country he has learned to love so well in his exile, loved better than all the world beside, aye! perhaps, even better than his mistress. He looks out, in front, on a placid sea, grey now from the April clouds passing athwart the sun, but on the far horizon glitters a line of brilliant light. To his right and below him is a rich and level country between the two promontories which jut into the sea, and midway this champaign he sees the tower of the old Cistercian Monastery, reft long years ago by the crown from the church, now a farm house, where the cattle stable where the monks have dined. Further away a little coast town gleams white in the distance, and almost below his feet is the square grey tower of the parish church with the starlings circling round it. The Rectory, deep in its terraced garden, nestles close to the shoulder of the tower as if for protection, and underneath the leafless pink of a blossoming almond tree he sees the flutter of a dress. Now the clouds drift away and he is sure that he sees her, who to him is the priceless gem of which, all these surroundings are, after all, only

the setting. He starts joyfully on his downward way, and, mellow and sweet the cuckoo calls from the hill. The cuckoo—calls—from the hill.

* * * *

It is night and nothing breaks the vast white expanse save one prone and motionless figure. A little bitter wind arises and the lightly drifting snow begins already to powder the dark form with white, indicative of the nameless grave and the remorseless shroud soon to be. From far away in the distance comes in dismal-ulation the cry of a wolf, canorous of death.





THE OUTLANDER.

A Vignette.

He was an Outlander, from where the fringe of the Ocean of Empire breaks white in the snows of the Desolate plains at the bases of the Hills of Life and Death. Not born an Outlander, he early recognized that versifying is not a paying trade in the Old, or any other, Country, and that it is as well to relieve the pressure of millions even by one ; especially if that one is crowded out. Are there not pen, ink and paper even in the Outlands, and grateful pauses in the daily toil when they may be used ?

He was a versifier, remember, not a minor poet, nor even a mediocre poet ; there are none.

Painting, music and the drama are not, in the Outlands, save that which the Outlanders can construct for themselves,

which is naturally bad. There are it is true exponents of the two latter vehicles of Art from South of the Great Invisible Divide—which, however, is a very real Divide—but they make matters worse, so a great longing for the Arts, and other things, drew the Outlander, after many years, to that land which early teaching, in flat contradiction to acquired experience, led him to call his own.

And yet it was his own. How much does little England, and how much do little Englanders too, know of the work her sons are doing for her in the Outlands? Over there where the tornado strikes with swift hand, or by the palm fringed shore on sultry midnights when the gunboat heaves on the ceaseless swell; out there where the prairie wind whistles past you, and the darkness faces you like a solid wall, as you ride to head the stampeded herd; out where the grim Pathan and grimmer cholera slays; doing England's work abroad while London streets roar with their million feet going theatrewards.

As it was, when the Outlander caught the first faint, cloud like, glimpse of his mother land he threw his cap into the sea, as the only adequate way of expressing his emotion. He was only a versifier, not a poet you must remember. Other-

wise he might have relieved his feelings in an Ode.

The Outlander stepped from his club one night clad in the evening garb of civilization, and as he looked up the lamp lit slope of Piccadilly, he realized that the populous street was more to him than many mountains. He was on his way to hear the Great Musician, who never smiles, and he made one of an audience, numbered by thousands, assembled to meet that famous man. Is it necessary to say they applauded at all the wrong places between the movements, and that, probably in grave irony, the master played to the encore a piece that only a musical Uranid could have equalled. The people rose to their feet and cheered him to the echo, while he gravely bowed his acknowledgments.

Those not fortunate enough to own private carriages or temporary hansoms, and they were many, made their way homewards on foot through the clear frosty night, and but a little way from the Hall streamed by the hundred past an aged and ragged nondescript who stood by the kerb and tootled painfully on a penny whistle, the while the night air sought out the rents in his garments. A lady in front of the Outlander put her

hands to her ears in exquisite horror at the discordant sounds ; an action that did not greatly impress the former, who had seen the same enthusiast reading the newspaper through Chopin's "Funeral March."

The crowd passed by the wretched outcast unheeding.

For the skilled musician gird ; for suffering want no tear.

Probably a penny would have been more to the point.

The Outlander stopped, and after a moment or so rejoined his friend, who looked at him from under uplifted eyebrows.

"I gave him all the coppers I had," murmured the former in answer to the unspoken query ; "I paid half a guinea for my seat to-night."

"Properly exploited genius must be paid," said his friend sententiously.

"Ah !" replied the Outlander. "Perhaps a half recognized fellow feeling prompted the charity. Besides he had three children, he told me, and a bed-ridden wife."

"Was that where the fellow feeling came in," asked his friend.

"Hardly ; but we are both equally

unrecognized, and, probably, both equally unworthy."

"It would make a good subject for a sonnet—the contrast," suggested his friend.

"It is a good subject for tears," replied the Outlander.

The sonnet has never been written, and the tears are yet unshed. I think I said before the Outlander was no poet.

But that is sown to-day in laughter and song, which may be reaped hereafter in blood and tears.



SPINDRIFT.



CANADA TO BRITANNIA.

Great mother in the world across the wave,
Far sundered by the waters though we be,
Howe'er self-seekers in their folly rave,
The ties of kinship hold across the sea;
And we, thy children of a larger land,
Safe in the promise that the past has shown,
Trust to the power of thy mighty hand.
Till all our thews increased, our stature
grown,
Though kinsmen still to thee, we dare to
stand alone.

Oh! strong and brave, a beacon to the
world;
Light through the ages, star to guide the
free;
Though all thy realm were in ruin hurled,
And blackest chaos, still should Liberty
Blazon thy name the first upon her scroll;
And if in heavy aftertime the knell,
The death knell of thy vanished power toll,

Are we not here, the coming years to tell
The tale of all thy glory, which is ours as
well ?

But whatsoe'er the future hides we still
Cleave to the memory of the days gone by,
And one in feeling, one in heart and will,
Hold fast the links of forged history.

For you, for us, the stalwart Barons wrung
The charter of our freedom from the Crown:

For both alike has Shakespeare thought
and sung ;

Has Cromwell pulled a tyrant's power
down ;

And many a hero faced grim Danger's
iron frown.

Have we not stood together in the van ;
Whether at Queenston Heights, or Lundy's
Lane ?

Or later, on the scorching wide Soudan,
Our loyal aid has not been all in vain ;
And should the sun break on a wilder day,
And Britain cry, " Push on, brave
volunteer,"

'Tis but the word to point us out the way
We knew before ; and, with no touch of
fear,

Learn thou, where Britons go, Canadians
also dare.

When thy fierce grip with Gaul thy power
drew

Away Columbia worsted thee, and yet,
The freedom that she fought for she but
knew

Through thee, and we were foolish to forget
The way her Southern States have learnt
so well

To stoop beneath her mandates, and to bow
Their necks beneath her power; shall we
swell

Her alien ranks? We will not break our
vow,

We would have peace with her; but dearer
still art thou.

What power then shall teach us to forget?
The same brave banner freely floats above
Thy stormy island with the salt seas wet;
Our land of promise we have learnt to love--
Thou knowest how it has been, how those few
Arpents of snow the French king flung away
Flourished beneath thy ægis well, and grew,
From ocean unto ocean, till, to-day
Breaks over countless fields that own thy
Sovereign sway.

Yet, weep not, Mother, if we part at last;
God's ways with men are hidden; but
behold!

Does not the record of thy glorious past,
The sturdy truths of liberty unfold?

And shall we fail to read them? should
we part,
In after years, the hope of days to be
Will rise the same in every loyal heart;
One tongue, one goal, and steadfast eyes
to see
The way to glory lies in emulating Thee.





THE SEASONS.

North-West Territories.

I.

How fares the world? the winter slowly
dies,

Breathes from the south a wraith of
summer air,

That brings to mind a dream of warmer
skies,

To tell the world it need not yet despair.
Life stirs through all the budded willows,
breaks

Pale-hued and passionless where wind-
flowers grow,

Faint heralds of the glory Flora shakes
From her full hands, when summer breezes
blow.

High overhead the wild birds wing their
flight

Towards the lingering snows,

And, like a silver sword blade in the light,
The winding river flows.

II.

Midsummer, and the scented morning, wet
With fragrant dew drops, where the
zephyrs lull

A thousand roses, and the violet
Gleams in the eyeless socket of a skull
Of some slain bison of the countless horde
That shook the plain, all gone beyond
recall;

The lily on the flower-sprinkled sward
Has seen them and blooms on above
their fall.

So fall the mighty, and their bones are
thrown

Broadcast to moulder, all their power vain;
Good deeds live on, and, ever freshly sown.
Spring forth to bloom again.

III.

Harvest full garnered, and a deep wood
round

A sapphire lake set in a lonely land,
Where autumn in her lavish wealth hath
bound

The gold and ruby of her wedding band.
Yet is her radiance mortal; for, alas!

The choicest fruits are sweetest when
they fall.

Spring, summer, autumn change and fade
and pass,

And universal winter withers all;

For all her beauty in the passing time
Is marked with winter's breath,
And, like a beauty dying in her prime,
She robes herself for death.

IV.

A wild, white land, that like a troubled sea
Runs into bitter ridges, where the snow
High heaped in pallid billows silently
Breaks into soundless surf when tempests
blow ;

Where the soft-footed wolf slides side-
long by,

Gaunt-ribbed and lank with care,
Watching the passer with suspicious eye
Before he seeks his lair ;
A wide clear sky, wherein the jewelled
stars,

In frosty radiance gleaming,
Pale into milder splendour where the bars
Of northern lights are streaming.

O





BATOCHE.

1885.

The waves of war rolled backward from
the land

And left stern Desolation lone and grim,

~~The fitting monarch of a shattered strand,~~

Where none as yet dared wrest the
crown from him.

War passed away; but some were left to
weep,

(And seek the solace time alone can
yield),

For those who silent by the river keep

Unbroken vigil o'er the battle field,

Till that last judgment day, when all
shall be revealed.

Saw ye that lone one (whom the buzzards
shun,

The grey coyote, and the night black
crow)

Search through the stricken field, and one
by one.

Review the swarthy warriors' ghastly
row?

For he is dead who woo'd her in his prime;

Lord of her life, his sun untimely set,

Can aught assuage her sorrow, or will time
Wipe all her tears away, when vain regret
Cries to her widowed heart to hold his
image yet?

Though victors we, and in a righteous cause,
To hold unrent the union of the land,
A touch of kind by nature bids us pause,
And own the force of Death's all level-
ling hand.

Far in the East, where lingers yesterday,
And in the West, where breaks another
morrow,
~~Fond hearts were breaking in the same~~
wild way,
Or kneeling at the like dear shrines, to
borrow
Surcease from gnawing pain, or balm
for bitter sorrow.

1890.

Beneath no pompous urn of carved woe,
And where no throbbing music pealing
high,
Swells to the fretted roof in rhythmic flow,
~~The unforgotten dead in silence lie;~~
But where the splendid dome of star-set
blue
Smiles at the feeble art of Man's design;
And where the chords of heaven murmur
through

The trembling poplar and the solemn
pine ;
There is thy fane, oh dead ! lit by the
pale moonshine.

Held in our hearts, ye need no cenotaph,
No lettered marble to ensure your fame,
For all the songs of Mother Nature laugh
Our monumental epitaphs to shame.
And earth has cast her mantle over all,
~~On friend and foe the same wide~~
shroud of green,
O'er both alike the meadow lark shall call
His cry of welcome to his mate unseen,
Unseen, but heard afar through sum-
mer's leafy screen.

No sound disturbs the summer evening
here,
(Save 'tis the 'plaining of the whip-
poor-will,)
Where once was heard the soul awakening
cheer,
As the long line went storming down
the hill.
The echoes sleep in yonder steep ravine ;
Unruffled now the northern river flows ;
The hare is couching where the dead have
been ;
All undisturbed the prairie flower blows ;
And blushes sweet and fair the many
blossom'd rose.



THE NORTHERN LOVER.

You asked me but the other day how

Love

Appareth now ; far from his ancient
haunts,

His groves deserted, and the larger gods
Who ruled from high Olympus clean
forgot ;

Zeus vanished quite and Here ; and the
vale

Of Tempe vacant of their votaries,
Whose temples drop to ruin ; and I stood
Tongue-tied before your beauty, stam-
mering,

Some feeble answer of a maid, who grows
Far sweeter 'mid the snow-drifts of the
North

Than all the dames of dark-eyed Thessaly.
But after, as I mused, the purpose grew
To shape an answer for you.

In the past
The ancients used to limn him as a boy ;
A rosy boy, afloat on gauzy wings ;
A butterfly of passion who has drawn
A feebler arrow from a loosened string
Since Pysche caught his fancy. Such a
god

Roams in the orange groves, by Southern
seas,

On perfumed midnights, when the night-
ingale

Pours all his passion, and the silver wave,
Like lisps of old Neptune, sleepily

Lips the stone wharves of Genoa, or the
bay

Where fierce Vesuvius beacons to the deep
That lies past slumb'ring Capri.

In the North
Are other ways and other gods ; I rode
Last night beneath the stars, that clear
and keen,

Blazed through the frost ; but as the
morning drew

To oust the shadows, clouds began to
steal

Between me and the wan and paling sky ;
The ghostly Northern Light, which thro'
the dark

Stood up in serried phalanx to the stars,
Fell back with all its spears before the
dawn,

That broke with dim reluctance ; slow,
and few,
The snowflakes fell, faint glimmering
through the grey ;
A-plover rose from out the withered edge
Of frozen waters, startled by the tread
Of coming hoofs—wheeled on an unseen
wing,
Piped down the wind and plaintive died
away.

Methought I found the secret you would
learn
Told by the contrast ; in this Northern
land
We have no time for trifling ; you, and I,
In the sweet past, have seen the wild
moon rise
Blood-red and misty o'er the level snows,
And after—through the storm wrack
rising high—
Sail overhead in pallid majesty,
Till in her cold, pale gleam and feeble
smile,
From out the hooded gloom of mantling
furs
Thy true eyes shone, and put the stars
to shame.
With what divine enchantment Love has
wrought
In those past days thou knowest ; as I
know

How on that winter midnight, Love, to
me
As a grown god, came earthward slanting
down
On eagle pinions. We who face the blast
Of Northern winters, scorn the puny dart
From Cupid's quiver, and the hurt that
heals
As soon as given ; leave we to the South
Their graceful fancy of an idle boy,
With aim uncertain ; our much mightier
god
Bound me a captive ; then, his errand
done,
Spurned with his foot the earth and far
away,
Flashed to high heaven, and dwelt among
the stars ;
Himself a star that not the blackest night,
Nor storm, nor time, can ever quite
obscure.



HEIMWEH.



ENGLAND TO THE COLONIES.

Once within a mighty forest
 Stood a stately tree,
Every bird that sought her branches
 Could in safety be.
Though the driving storms of winter
 Many a tree laid low,
Still the oak stood steadfast ever,
 In the wind and snow.
Many an acorn falling from her
 Flourished in the shade,
Growing stalwart in the shelter
 That their parent made.

Many a hundred years she's stood there,
 While the saplings grew,
Spreading out their sturdy branches
 To the overblue.
Now at last she's growing older,
 If the adverse blast
Come with lowering skies and thunder,
 Fast, and yet more fast ;

If the stormy gust of winter
And the hurricane
Shake the oak in all her branches
Drench her with the rain ;
Stand between her and the tempest,
Break in part the breeze,
Let her roots still hold their fastness
Oh ! you younger trees,
Lest her mighty bulk in falling
From a place so high,
Leaves you naked to the tempest
Of the winter sky.

She it was who gave you being.
Can you then forget ?
Seeing all her ancient glories,
Pass without regret.





THE BROKEN CHORD.

Mendelssohn, trying to compose the Fairy Dance in Act IV. [of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*], was interrupted by one of his children who begged him to come and play in the garden. The Musician paying no attention to the appeal, the child caught at his moving hand and so produced a peculiar and beautiful chord, a sort of shirred movement, which Mendelssohn introduced into the "Fairies Dance."—Walter Powell, in "The Week," March 7, 1890.

I.

Deaf to all mundane sounds and far away,
Where Queen Titania's fairy followers
keep,

Their moonlit revels in the forest, deep
From crowned Athens and the garish day,
The Master with the Mighty Poet strayed.
And heeded not the pause in childish play
Nor heard the soft entreaty whispering
made

To leave the Athenian sword ;
Till bolder grown the impatient, childish
hand,

Plucked the rapt Master's wandering
touch astray,
And all the songs of vanished fairyland
Breathed in that broken chord.
Ah! wanderer in the dusty ways, you
pine
World-weary, for the days that knew not
sin,
Before the bitter strife and ceaseless din
Of life's long warfare; wouldst thou then
resign
Thy bitter knowledge, and with fancy's
eye
See the orb'd moon on fairy revels shine
Once more before the time has come to
die?
Thy hope is not all vain.
Take this as witness of a living truth,
A childish, trusting hand if laid in thine,
May touch a silver chord of vanished
youth,
And bid thee dream again.

II.

Its clasp shall lead thee where the Fairy
King,
Mad monarch of the misty woodland
scene,
Playeth wild pranks to spite his wayward
Queen;

Or jests awhile with those, who, wander-
ing,

From out the City of the Violet Crown,
Strayed to the mazy round where fairies
swing,

And on the thymy-shadowed bank lay
down

To wait the guiding day.

Oh ! mighty poet of the magic pen

And great musician, ever shall ye sing,

The same sweet song to tired souls of
men

Who halt upon the way :

Forever in thy airy fantasy

Bottom, the weaver's hairy ass's head

Crushes the flowers on his fairy bed,

And Cobweb hunts the red-hipped hum-
ble bee ;

And Puck, misusing love-in-idleness,

Shall make Lysander from his Hermia
flee ;

Forever shall fair Helen in distress

Be righted by the Fay ;

So that no man can say those days are
fled,

But, only, mortals are too blind to see

That, when Orion trembles overhead,

Titania still holds sway.





HEIMWEH.

[Written after hearing Jungmann's "Heimweh." The piece of music from which it was played went down, with many others, at the foundering of the "Oregon" and alone of all the music survived the immersion.]

[*The Prelude.*]

The groves, the lawns of lovely England
seem

So far away in this wild land of snows ;
But as the music grows
From prelude into stately chords, a dream
Comes of a dearer land ; and this wide
plain

Turns to that little island in the main,
I dare to call,

The fairest land of all ;
For the blue of the prairie heaven is not
so blue as the sea,
Nor the sward of a prairie landscape as
green as that isle can be.

Play on, play on, the links of thought
you bind
Have bridged the gulf of years with one
swift span,
So that once more I can
Cross over to the land long left behind,
And see through mists of many bitter
years.
Ay ! through the mist of sudden starting
tears,
My youth once more
On that remembered shore,
For the spell of the measured music can
carry from other lands
A dream of days half forgotten, and the
touch of long severed hands.

[*Strike stronger chords.*]

For now the music hath a deeper tone
Than any that its chords had known before
It left the English shore ;
A mightier music than was once its own,
Born from Atlantic thunder and the wail
Of harp-strung rigging to the northern
gale ;
Wild music borne,
Blown from a Triton's horn,
O'er the leagues of western waters, far
down the wind, until
At the sound of his deep sea music the
leaping waves are still.

Strange that of all the sweet airs mouldering there

This one alone survives the cruel sea ;

Some god has treasured thee :

Apollo ! Thou ! Lord of the tuneful lyre,

Hast somehow fathomed my deep desire
To hear again

That half-forgotten strain,

That speaks like an old-world story to the
heart of a little child,

Or tells of ways long untródden, and the
woodland pathways wild.

[Ah ! play no more.]

For all was only fancy like to those

Faint wave-born echoes in a conched
shell,

That only dimly tell

The inland dweller of the wave that flows
On far-off shores ; 'twas mine own ear
that made

Such wondrous magic out of what you
played.

Yet, though 'tis past,

Some memory will last,

Of moist sea breezes blowing over down
and moor and dell ;

Let the last notes steal gently forth that
bid my dream farewell.



THE PORTRAIT AND THE PANSY.

Low in the prairie grass a well-known
hue

Beguiled me into friendship, for I thought
One only flower showed that charming
blue ;

But, even as I stooped to it, and sought
The tender perfume of the violet,
I knew the rank imposter was not kin
To that sweet woodland blossom o'er the
sea,

Which, when the dew lay wet,
On early summer mornings, deep within
Some bosky hollow, used to peep at me.

'Twas but a pansy that I stooped to greet,
A wild, blue, pansy blossom, truth to tell,
Fair to the outward eye, but not so sweet
As that one which I recollect so well
As dearer far, and every whit as fair
Yet, when I held the stranger in my hand,
Oh ! faint and sweet from memory's
distant shore,

Here in this alien air,
The summer odours of my native land
Stole back in fancy to my soul once more.

I came across her portrait unaware,
Among forgotten trifles hid away ;
I had not thought her face would look so
fair

After these years ; it seemed but yester-
day

We parted, and a week since first we met.
Faint phantom of my living love it lies,
The portrait there before me, pale and
grey,

A faded image, yet,
It is herself that looks me in the eyes,
As once before, witching my soul away.

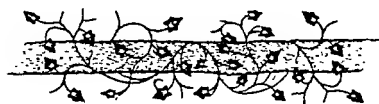
One backward glance o'er the white
shoulder flung ;

It is herself—ah ! no 'tis but a ghost
Of the dead past ; where is the voice that
sung ;

My heart to hers ? the picture calls a host
Of memories back, but not the best of all—
The perfume of the violet, the part
That lends the last sweet touch ; the
magic thrill.

This never can recall.

Yet, in the empty chambers of my heart
Some echo of her music lingers still.



THE BALLADE OF THE LOST FAIRIES.

The long, bright day is drawing to a close,
The purple hues of sunset fade away,
Beneath the forest boughs a soft wind
blows,

And yet the moon wields not her silver
sway,

But when she starts upon her upward
way,

The denizens of night awake once more ;
The whip-poor-will is calling from the
shore

Of the dark river, vocal yet unseen,

Set, though the moonlight dapple all the
floor,

Alas ! no fairies dance upon the green.

The Northern Light its soundless light-
ning throws

In errant spears across the blue astray

An endless phantasy ; from green to rose,

And back again to green the colours
play ;

Sure 'tis a night for every jocund fay,

Who waits the coming of the moonlight
hoar,

To prank himself to dance his Queen
before.

But all unpeopled is the woodland
scene,
No magic can the buried past restore,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.
Where are they, then, the little folk, who
knows
Where they have gathered 'neath the
moon's pale ray?
They are not where the Western forest
grows,
And those old haunts in which they
used to stray
Have been deserted by them many a
day.
They will return to England, nevermore,
Ousted from all their haunts by that harsh
roar
Of smoky furnaces, which nightly
screen
The moon from open glade and forest
floor,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.

ENVOI.

Gone are the gay old times they knew of
yore,
And this new world holds not within her
store
Sweet fancies of another world, unseen;
And, though we may be wiser than before,
Alas! no fairies dance upon the green.



THE SENTRY.

'Twas the sentry said to his comrade
In camp by the river shore,
"Let us go when the war is over
And see our home once more.

You remember how together
We weathered out the gale,
Couched 'neath a rock's rough shelter
In lonely Borrodaile.

Or how Helvellyn, flinging
His echo high and far,
Seemed listening to the challenge
Flung back by bold Ned Scaur ?

We shall see through mists, sun-smitten,
Our northern mountains rise,
Like the hills in fabled story
At the gates of Paradise.

We shall see the moonlight flooding
With radiance, lake and fell,
Touch with a fairy splendour
The land we love so well."

Day dawns, and the night is over, ,
At his post the sentry falls ;
He has seen his northern country
And its mist wreathed mountain walls.

For his eyes had a clearer vision,
To mortal sight debarred.
When at his post the challenge
Of death relieved his guard.

He shall hear no more in the darkness
The sudden, swift alarms,
The cry for help of the wounded,
Or the bugle's call to arms.

For he waits, with the silent army,
Till every human soul
Cries—Here ! to the last dread summons
Of God's great muster roll.





*Is your seat as firm as ever, is your eye as
keen and true,
Can you rope a flying foreleg, as once you
used to do,
Can you ride a bucking broncho, can you
spot a stranger's brand,
Or head the wild stampede at night and
turn the rushing band?*

BRONCHO DAYS.

How is it with you now, old chum! In
England's crowded ways
To you imured in brick and stone the
thought of other days,
Must sometimes come when breezes stir
the roses on your lawn;
And once again you rise with me and
saddle up at dawn.

The light is level on the sward, the old
times come again,
Your broncho feels the warning heel and
reaches at the rein;

Oh ! merrily the heavy bit chimes in
with jingling spur,
The flapping fringes on our chapps make
just a pleasant stir.

The hoof strokes fall with rhythmic beat,
the road is flying by, •
And all the world is yet asleep, save only
you and I,

The bronchos feel their oats to-day, the
world is wild and wide,
Let go their heads, and let them swing
their galop stride for stride.

And when we stop beside the slough to
let our horses drink,
The air is pure, and close at hand, a
tuneful bob-o-line',
Sings his sweet matins to the morn ;
perched low upon a spray,
The meadow lark calls back to him,
responsive to his lay.

The pasque blooms linger here and there ;
the tiger lily gems
With points of red the grassy sward, and
on their slender stems
The fragile blue-bells nod their heads to
every passing breeze,
That shakes the petal from the rose and
whispers to the trees.

'Tis all a dream, an ocean wide is cold
between us twain.

And nevermore together shall we ride
the Western plain.

Or camped in comfort hear the wolf, and
on the skyline clear

See the quick broncho lift his head and
slant a startled ear.

The world is fair in this new land, and
yet I envy you,

For we have not the primrose pale, and
though 'tis just as blue,

The violet in exile here, throws out a
scentless bloom,

The rose is fair as England's rose, but
has not its perfume.

No thrush sings English ballads, no
blackbird whistles clear,

No skylark wings to heaven the day's
sweet pioneer,

And chief of all the sights I love I long
to see the glade,

Where the lily of the valley grows beneath
the coppice shade ;

And chief of all the sounds I love, I
long to hear the sea,

Break on the shores of England when the
scud is flying free,

Broncho Days.

Or, in its calmer moments, when the
ripples kiss the strand,
Beneath the tall white cliffs of chalk,
that guard the English land.

But we'll meet some day or other, no
doubt, at last, in town,
Two old bow-windowed beggars, with the
grey streaked thro' the brown ;
And we'll agree in spite of fate, there's
one thing all repays.
'Tis to fight once more the battles of our
good old broncho days.

Thus far I wrote, in hope that you would
sometime scan these rhymes,
And overlook their many faults for sake
of youthful times ;
But, wider than the ocean, between us
yawns the grave,
And one is left, the other sleeps beyond
the restless wave.

Sleep in your quiet churchyard, true
heart that's still at last,
Whose every red pulsation beat friend-
ship firm and fast ;
Pray God the stories of our youth are
not all quite in vain.
I hope for some world far from this where
old friends meet again.

Broncho Days.

*The sky is clear above me, and the turf is
sound below,*

*The free wind flies to meet me, and fans
me as I go,*

*The tree-tops bend and rustle, the world
is fair to see,*

*But you are not beside me now, nor ever
more will be.*





CUMBRIAN VALES AND FELLS.

To William Watson, on reading "Lake-land Once More."

On these plains where the brooding silence
is broken only by wail of hawk
Or sound of the wind in the secret grasses,
that tell a tale for the breeze to bear
To the aspen poplars which quake and
tremble, astir with the secret nature
holds :

Here, in this lonely land of silence, I read
your chant of the English hills
And my heart went back to the meres and
mountains I knew of old in the dear
home land,

For I heard the echo from high Helvellyn
flung back in challenge from bold
Ned Scaur,

And saw through the mist the peaks sun-
smitten rise to a height before un-
known,

Where the Langdale Pikes stand up to
heaven like giants watching the vale
below,

And the insect creatures toiling slowly
with blast of powder and swing of
pick,

Delving the hills that have stood for ages,
and still will stand when our race is
done,

And the sound of the greatest name
among us has gone like a breath of
wind goes past ;

Land of valley, and pass, and mountain ;
of brook, and river, and falling spray,

Thunder of surf on your seaward bases,
ripple of beck in your inland green.

Here it is winter, keen and starlit, ablaze
aloft with the northern lights

That spring like spears of a charging
army loosed from the land of the
polar star,

Or spread abroad like an angel's pinions
flung from the east to the western
rim

Of the dim horizon blank and boundless,
with only the drift of the snow
between.

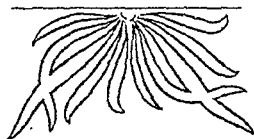
I heard your song and the west, in answer,
faintly echoes a far reply.:

We have not forgotten our northern
country, force, and torrent, and
mountain tarn,

The grey and purple of crag and heather,
and flying shadow on mountain
side,

The Rotha sings in its rocky channel, we
hear its voice in a song that's borne
From that north land with its mountain
passes, scree and écho, and ghyll,
and scaur;

The years of exile are clean forgotten;
the sunlight glints of Solvar's How.





ESSAYS IN VERSE.



THE LONG DOGS.

The crash of hounds in chorus has a
music all its own
To those who love the best of sports ; but
only you at home
May ride to music, with the gleam, of
scarlet coats ahead ;
Grey-coated, we in silence hunt the
Spoiler of the Dead.
We love the fox that gives us sport, but
not this coward here,
Compact of cunning, speed and guile, of
savageness and fear.
You give old reynard lawful odds, and ban
the vulpecide ;
But we who hunt the skulking wolf for
bitter vengeance ride !

Why not? The firstlings of our flocks
have been his dainty feast,
And when the blizzard claims its fee we
know what loathsome beast
Howls o'er the dead, beneath the stars,
and scatters on the plain,
The bones of those we weeping seek
when summer comes again.

Our pack is bred from hounds who knew
the slope of heathered hill,
The wreaths of mist on Scottish crags,
the high tarn dark and still;
The noble red deer's antlered pride, that
held them all at bay,
When, soiled at last, he faced the foe, at
closing of the day.

No one of all our grim, gaunt hounds a
warning whimper gave;
Our pack is silent swift as death, and
cruel as the grave;
A lifted head, a starting eye, a moment's
pause—and lo!
The hounds are straight upon the track,
like arrows from the bow.
Oh! you must ride, as never yet, you
rode, when down the wind,
The fox stole from the shaking gorse,
and left you far behind;

~~For here no fences break the pace, no~~
check gives time for breath;

You're in for no long hunting run ; we
ride from view to death.

The dim grey shadow drifts ahead, our
quarry never met,

For wind and stoutness, speed and craft,
his prairie equal yet ;

But all in vain the distant bush, in vain
his prairie lore,

For those are hard behind him now he
never raced before.

Old Bran has got him by the throat, and
Mischief by the back ;

He's down, and snapping right and left
amongst the tearing pack ;

Light down, and break the silence now
with no uncertain sounds,

Whoo-whoop ! above the dying brute,
and fling him to the hounds.





PLEBEIAN AND PATRICIAN.

Blind fools of fate who idly, happy stray,
Life's pathway through,
Content if but the passing summer day
Be fair and blue ;
Peals there no warning from the cloud-
capped peak,
Where the great goddess whom we all
must seek,
Doth still remain,
Fair Freedom ? while the multitudes
forlorn,
Gaze with sad eyes at summits far with-
drawn
Above their pain.

Comes there no wail from famine-haunted
slum,

And crowded court,

Half smothered by the city's busy hum,

And noisy sport ?

Hark ! to that sad, exceeding bitter cry :

Help us, oh ! Father, for we slowly die

Beneath the rod

Of grinding want, and social laws which
clasp

The poor forever in their ruthless grasp.

Help us, oh ! God.

What help to us that Freedom broadens
down

With steady pace,

And somewhat smooths the fierceness of
that frown

On her fair face ?

Are not our children dying at our knees,

While you lie softly upon beds of ease,

Though we have none !

Some day shall freedom smile on all
around,

But we shall lie unwept beneath the
ground,

Our troubles done.

Winter is gone but in the noisome lairs —

Where we lie pent—

We cannot know the touch of sweeter airs

That spring has lent.

Are we not freemen, can we not go too,
And walk at last beneath that arch of
blue,

O'er field and fell ?

Yes, we are free—you raise the canting
cry—

Yes, we are free—to rot and starve and
die—

You know it well.

You know it well ; if once we dare to
pause,

Our loved ones fade,

It is the fruit of those much vaunted laws,

The rich have made.

God ! there are children in this man-made
hell

Who know the sound of curses passing
well,

But never yet,

Have heard the skylark carol overhead,

Or plucked the wild flower from its
grassy bed,

When dews were wet.

Though you dream on, the night is almost
spent

And dawn is near ;

The heavy cloud of misery is rent,

And hope is here ;

Say—~~for the issue rests within your~~
hands—

Shall that day dawning the opposing
bands

In battle view ?

Or shall the day-star in a sky serene

Beam from the heavens on a fairer scene ?

It rests with *you* !





GORDON.

Son of Britannia's isle,
There by the storied Nile,
The dust has claimed him e'er his work
was done ;

But not for that alone
Has Fame's clear trumpet blown,
Most mournful music o'er her bravest son.
Alas ! for England when the dead
Fell by a coward's hand her honour fled.

No English squadrons broke
Through the thick battle smoke,
At that last hour when the hero fell ;
He hoped to see again,
(But Ah ! that hope was vain)
Those English colours he had served so
well ;

He fell, forsaken, undismayed,
True to the land that thus his trust
betrayed.

~~His was that hardest part~~
That tries the staunchest heart ;
Better the headlong charge when hundreds die ;
Than the relentless foe
Watching to strike the blow,
And the slow waiting while the bullets fly.
No friends ; no hope ; but like a star,
High duty shining through the clouds of war.

No stately Gothic fane
Roofs in the hero slain,
But the wide sky above the desert sands ;
No graven stone shall tell
Where at the last he fell,
And, if interred at all, by alien hands,
Thrust in a shallow grave to wait
The last loud summons to the fallen great.

No more can England boast,
Her name from coast to coast,
Shall be a passport to her wandering sons ;
Once they could freely roam ;
As in their Island home,
Safe far abroad as underneath her guns ;
Or, should mishap for vengeance call,
Swift would her anger on the oppressor fall.

But, let the meed of blame,
Fall with its weight of shame
On those who lacked the courage to com-
mand ;
The heart of England bears
In London's thronging streets,
And in the quiet places of the land,
Still to its old traditions true,
In spite of all our rulers failed to do.





CACCIAGUIDA'S PROPHECY OF DANTE'S BANISHMENT.

PARADISO, CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Dante having met Cacciaguida, his ancestor, in Paradise, the latter prophesies his banishment from Florence and his seeking refuge with Can Grande, and exhorts him to cast aside fear and testify to that which he has witnessed in Infernal and Supernal regions.

I.

As by his cruel step-dame's act unjust
Hippolytus from Athens took his way,
So from beloved Florence thou'lt be
thrust.

II.

Already it awaits thee ; where each day
Sees our Lord Jesus made a thing of sale,
Is one who longs to see thee thrust away.

III.

Him shall no blame attach to ; but a gale
Of wrath shall follow thee whom he
'ensnares
And casts forever from his country's pale.

IV.

Thou shalt have proof then how the
stranger fares
Who eats the bread of others, and be spent
With going up and down another's stairs.

V.

When first the bow of banishment is bent,
From all thy loved ones thou shall be
debarred ;
'Tis this that points the arrow that is sent.

VI.

All thy sad way shall impious fools retard ;
Wild curses rise at thee from every side ;
Thus too shall thy stern exile long be
marred.

VII.

Yet after, shalt thou see their foreheads
dyed
Incarnadine, so that all men may see
Full plainly blazoned how they foully lied.

VIII.

In those days shall it seem full well to
thee
That thou hast stood alone against all ill,
What time thou sought'st the Lombard's courtesy.

* * * * *

IX.

Then when the voice of that pure soul
was still.

His labour finished, like to one who turns
The warped woof to the perfect web at
will.

X.

Thus I began, as one who strongly yearns,
Being in doubt, some counsel from a
friend
Who loves him, and who uprightly
discerns.

XI.

Well see I, father, how the bitter end
Comes spurting on, and well I know the
blow
Falls heaviest on us when we least defend.

XII.

Therefore, 'tis well that I should rightly
know,
That if the highest place be lost to view,
I by my singing may take place below.

XIII.

For I a sad and bitter world came through;
Me, o'er the summit with the forehead
bright,
The eyes of mine own lady upward drew.

XIV.

And afterward, through heaven, from
light to light,
Full many things I learned will savour
well
To those who, hearing, read my words
aright.

XV.

Came the reply ; 'Tis easy to foretell
On consciences which are with shame
o'ercast
The acid of thy word will surely dwell.

XVI.

That cry of thine shall be a mighty blast
To rock the loftiest summits, and to shake
The hearts of many, and thy fame will
last.

XVII.

Far down the ages ; therefore do we take
Such pains to show thee only such as those
Who by their fame can an example make.'

[NOTE.—I have taken this episode in the
Paradiso as I consider that here Dante explains
the reason for his visit to other worlds ; see
last two verses.—B.T.]





WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Beneath these northern skies
We boast no nightingale ;
Here only plaintive whip-poor-will
Takes up the tale.

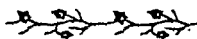
When the day's noise is still,
And life shakes off its cares,
Her harsher notes may sound as sweet
To lovers' ears

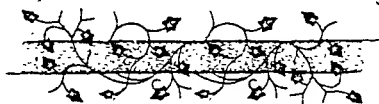
As those which nightly greet
Italia's maidens fair,
Where Naples' orange groves perfume
The summer air.

Here, also, flowers bloom
And Cupid holds his sway ;
Here lovers wander hand in hand
At close of day ;

Here, as in every land,
The same sweet tale is told—
The whispered words which never stale,
However old.

So, since no nightingale
Enraptured holds them still,
Love gives his votaries the song
Of whip-poor-will.



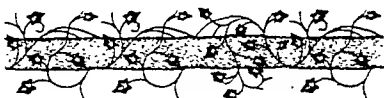


THE MIRROR.

Take thou the glass, and when therein
Thou look'st thyself to see,
Remember that my constant heart
As well reflecteth thee.
The glass will show thy face its twin ;
The truer heart of me
Will show as well thy counterpart,
If that thou distant be.

The glass will let thy image fade
When thou art far away ;
But from my heart it cannot pass,
Wherever thou may'st stray.
And since I keep so true, fair maid,
Ah ! let me hope, some day,
That thou wilt use me as thy glass
And bid me over stay.





THE MODISH MAID.

(*Rondeau.*)

With form divine and face so fair,
With that soft look and modest air,—
What man but needs must bow the knee,
And render homage unto thee,
Since thou art quite beyond compare !

But ah, fond lover, have a care ;
That look may mask a deadly snare,
Take not so seriously

The modish maid.

Thy love she'll never learn to share ;
No soul informs her beauty rare ;
A taste for chiffons, possibly,
May stir her soft frivolity,—
But never passion ; so beware

The modish maid.





VILLANELLE.

Stern Fate, can prophets say,
What thou hast in thy keeping,
Beyond the shortest day ?

Whoe'er the gods that sway,
Whether awake or sleeping,
Not one word will they say.

Oh ! man of mortal clay,
Compound of joy and weeping,
Thou hast thy work, thy play ;

Then, forward on thy way
Thou goest, blindly leaping,
Into the dark ; astray.

There is no time to stay,
A stern, strong arm is sweeping
The myriads away ;

Whether to endless day,
Or all unconscious sleeping,
What use to ask ? for they,
The great gods, will not say.





H. M. S. CALLIOPE.

I.

Self interest doth hold the world in thrall,
So say the modern pundits ; that were
well

If honour came not in the case at all
And all mankind were bound to buy and
sell.

If courage, love of country, faith, the call
Of high endeavour had no tale to tell,
The world, in truth, were but a trader's
stall

Set out with base commodities to swell
The swindler's hoard : the Anglo-Saxon
race,

Chief merchants, hucksters, clamorous
and loud.

Immodest, soulless, calling to the crowd
To buy their wares and seek no other
place.

Napoleon's "land of trader's," overflow-
ing

The greed of gain on all the world
bestowing.

II.

And thou, Columbia, greatest child, in
sooth,

The chiefest sinner in that sordid crew.

Hast thou fulfilled the promise of thy
youth ?

Is this the work thou did'st set out to do ?

Hast set thy foot without remorse or
ruth

On all those higher dreams thy founders
drew,

From out the strife with men and lands
uncouth

Seeing o'er all a glimpse of heaven's blue!

The tired world looked to thy virgin field

To breed a race of men—not millionaires

Blind to all higher aims, the hopes, the
fears

Of struggling poverty, and grimly-steeled

To their own ends : Oh ! thou may'st yet
be free,

Whate'er thy faults, mankind hath hope
from thee.

III.

There gleams a star : the wave-smote
Calliope.

Forged through the tempest to the open
main,

Saved from the shock of that insatiate sea

Scourged into madness by the hurricane.

Saved ; with a message that should solace
thee,

Columbia, for thy loss, a nobler strain
Runs through thy sailors of stern bravery
Than prompts the merchant's sordid
greed of gain.

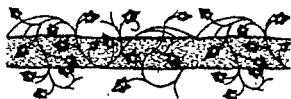
The cheer that from the Trenton's ship-
wrecked crew

Rang through the storm, shall echo
through all time,

Their epitaph, far truer than the rhyme
Graved on a lying headstone, for they
knew

No hope ; but cheering with their latest
breath,

Went down the weltering seas to wreck
and death.





EPILOGUE.

Like the first notes that fledglings try in
spring,
When all the groves are jubilant with
song,
Uncertain if they yet have learnt to sing,
Or if, perchance, their early strophes are
wrong ;
So I have sung ; if from the mingled
throng
I rise hereafter on a surer wing,
Though not the eagle pinions broad and
strong
That waft the great immortals, I may
bring
A gift more seemly and in worthier fash-
ion,
To one, who knowing with what fair in-
tent
I wrote, and with elusive metre strove,
Looked on these lines and in her sweet
compassion
Read 'twixt the lines, divining what was
meant,
Forgave my faults and only saw my love.



FINIS.